A Self-Conscious History of Cowell College

Sonne, to make you know the true state of Salomons Howse, I will keepe this order. First I will set forth unto you the End of our Foundation. Secondly, the Preparations and Instruments wee have for our Workes. Thirdly, the severall Employments and Functions whereto our Fellowes are assigned. And fourthly, the Ordinances and Rites which wee observe.

The End of our Foundation is the Knowledge of Causes, and the Secret Motions of Things; and the Enlarging of the bounds of Humane Empire, to the Effecting of all Things possible.

Sir Francis Bacon, The New Atlantis

1969

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TO PAGE SMITH

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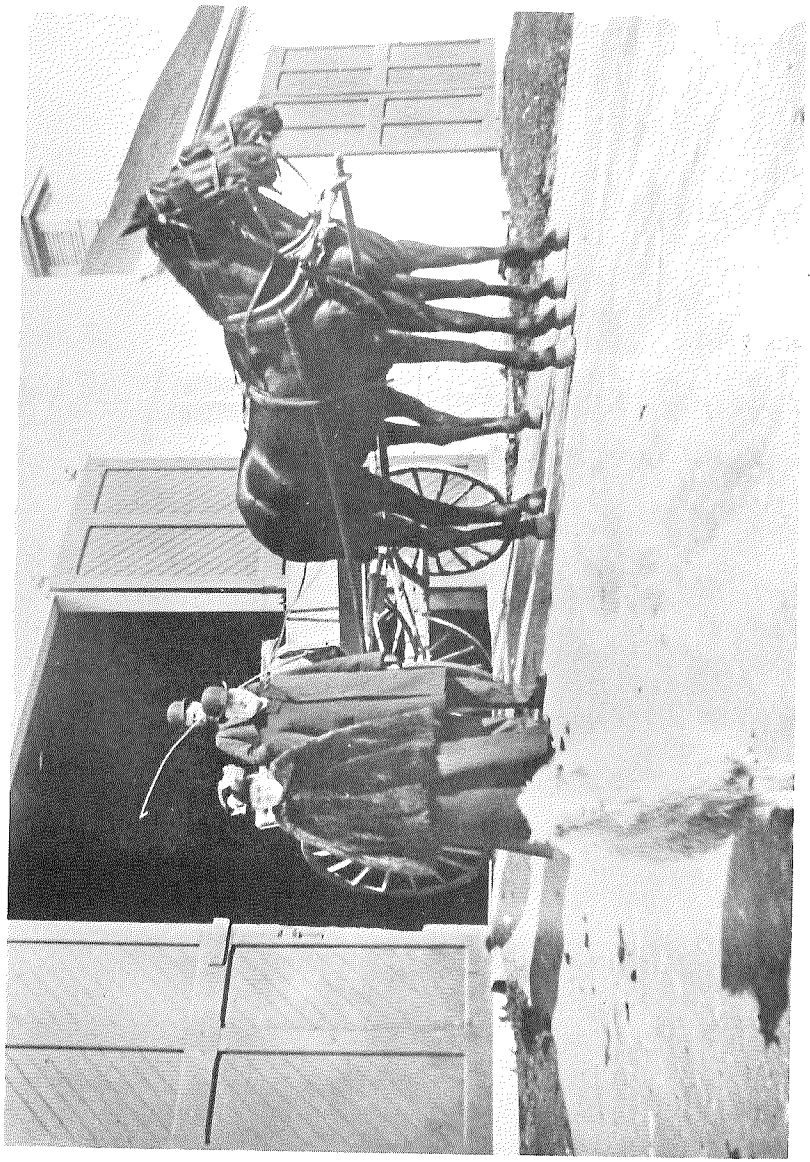

Frank George, manager of Cowell Ranch, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cowell in front of the Carriage House.

1 *Before the Beginning*

On the morning of December 5, 1964, Californians were greeted with the news that rioting students at the University of California's Berkeley campus had illegally occupied Sproul Hall, the Administration Building, to protest the administration's unresponsiveness to their free speech proposals. The next day, Governor Brown, against the advice of President Clark Kerr, ordered the mobilization of various law enforcement agencies, including the California Highway Patrol, to end the disruption of law and order. Eight hundred unresisting demonstrators were arrested for trespassing and resisting arrest. At issue was the use by students for political solicitation of a section of the sidewalk along Bancroft Way belonging to the University.

Traditionally a 'Hyde Park' area, the sidewalk had been closed to such activity early that semester. Various campus political groups formed the coalition of the Free Speech Movement, which attempted to work through bureaucratic channels to restore this tradition. Failing to elicit any satisfactory response from an evasive administration, the FSM turned to more direct action. The occupation of Sproul Hall was in part, then, an expression of their frustration with the workings of the entire bureaucratic machinery. The feelings of those involved in the December Fourth action, and of many more not so directly involved, were summed up by Mario Savio, one of the FSM organizers. Likening the University to a knowledge factory, and the students to the raw materials, he said: "There's a time when the operation of the machine becomes so odious, makes you so sick at heart, that you can't take part, you can't even tacitly take part. And you've got to put your bodies upon the gears and upon the wheels, upon the levers, upon all the apparatus, and you've got to make it stop. And you've got to indicate to the people who own it, that unless you're free, the machine will be prevented from working at all."

Even as student leaders called upon their fellow cogs to lay their bodies upon the gears, to bring the machine

to a crunching halt, and irate tax-payers cried for the suppression of the insurgents, it was becoming increasingly clear to the public that the University was in serious trouble — and not all of it could be blamed upon Communist agitation. Something was happening which defied easy solutions. Phrases like 'student alienation', 'administrative indifference', and 'multiversity', dominated the media; clearly, things were getting out of hand.

Education has always held an important place in the American psyche, and ever since the sputnik scare America became set on fabricating the largest, greatest, and most impressive educational system in the world. Money poured into the schools and universities, more students than ever were entering colleges, and gigantic sums were spent on construction and the development of technology. The American educational revolution was under way. America seems to have a knack for turning vast expenditures into large profits (or large losses) — the Second World War and the Marshall Plan. Due to that knack, by the Sixties the American economy was reaping the rewards of her educational revolution, not all of them expected or even desired. For beneath the veneer of success and progress lay fundamental flaws in the educational system. The Berkeley explosion was the natural consequence of unthinking and uncreative expansion; it challenged the traditional and inflexible university systems.

The problem was the result of the refusal of administrators to realize that the universities have as much responsibility to their individual students as they have to boards of regents. America was determined to expand existing institutions along standard academic formulae without proper consideration of the stresses this would place on monolithic university structures and the people within them. The relatively quiet and peaceful academic life of the early Fifties had been shattered by this rapid expansion. Johnny would learn more and faster than Ivan, regardless of the cost. In a typically American way, campus facilities and administration were doubled or tripled to teach more students a greatly enriched curriculum.

However, an assemblage of 25,000 students ceases to be a true community. The scores of buildings and departmental complexes, the abundance of personnel arranged in a medieval hierarchy, remain as inscrutable to the students, for the most part, as to tourists. It may take months before the student discovers whom to see about what, due to a plethora of vague, interrelated bureaucratic titles, cohorts of chancellors, phalanxes of deans, and legions of lesser officials, each surrounded by a bevy of secretaries bound and determined that their boss (or at least their boss' boss) not be interrupted by the importunings of a mere undergraduate. In Savio's metaphor, the student becomes a cog in a machine. The only relation he can have to it is a mechanical one determined by its overpowering scale. Worse yet, the student has little opportunity to form any but the most transitory acquaintances. Classes are too large and too numerous to make secure friendships, meals too hurried and noisy, and residences too far removed, located in an urban environment that overwhelms even that of the university.

It is not surprising that emphasis on science and technology has led to the construction of an impersonal, professional, and bureaucratic form of university very much like its German counterpart. Yet the American collegiate myth is essentially oriented towards a liberal arts ideal on the Jeffersonian model. It is precisely because of this expectation of the well-rounded individual and the small college environment that the students were shocked with the reality of the contemporary university. The large 'colleges' (Letters and Science, Fine Arts, etc.) no longer offered asylum to the beleagured undergraduate; their size made this impossible, even had they been interested. So the students, resenting their enforced anonymity, in fear of being programmed into oblivion, and determined to resist the mauling of the machine, began to defend themselves. In so doing they stumbled into a corporate identity through their collective criticism of the system.

Berkeley students in December of 1964 demonstrated to those who were willing to listen (and many who weren't) that they would not tolerate such conditions. They hoped

that if they resisted they might eventually be treated as individual entities, unique in personality, needs, and aspirations. The riots signalled a growing student awareness and concern for academic freedom. Personal intellectual creativity was pitted against a mass educational system. If nothing else, the riots exposed the weakness inherent in the overburdened state universities.

Senior members of the academic community were profoundly disturbed by the events of 1964, though many had anticipated just such a crisis. As early as 1957, in fact, the California State Department of Finance had predicted, on the basis of previous growth trends, that the University of California at Berkeley would, by 1965, be expected to accommodate more than 27,500 students; ten years later, more than 35,000 could be expected. Also in 1957, the All-University Faculty Conference issued a report which stressed the necessity of building new campuses to handle this growth. In October of that same year the Board of Regents, the governing body of the University, met and voted to establish three new campuses, one of them to be located in one of the South Central Coast Counties of San Mateo, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, San Benito, and Monterey. A study was subsequently undertaken to determine the best possible site, based upon geographic suitability and population and economic growth figures. In March of 1961 it was decided that the new South Central Coast campus would be established on the Cowell Ranch in Santa Cruz.

Perhaps more important than the selection of a site was the choice of a model for the new campus. The shrewder and more far-sighted men saw that a simple reduplication of campuses on the Berkeley and UCLA model and scale, while coping with the hordes of prospective students on paper, would not offer a very promising future. For already Berkeley was unwieldy, overcorpulent, and incapable of controlling its massive mounds of humanity. Furthermore, to the bright-minded, and particularly to those who believed in the sovereign efficacy of intelligent structural planning, the new campuses offered unprecedented opportunities for innovation. It was apparent to most, however, that some alternative to Berkeley was desirable, if not imperative. One such alternative was the concept of a collegiate campus.

Even in its vaguest formulation the idea was immediately attractive to one of the men most deeply involved in this round of high-powered planning — Dean McHenry, a professor of Political Science from UCLA. Because of his various positions there, he was in touch with the developments of the new campuses. He was a powerful man in University politics, able to apply substantial leverage, primarily because of his close friendship with President Clark Kerr. McHenry and Kerr had been roommates in graduate school at Stanford, and Mrs. McHenry had even introduced Kerr to his future wife. An energetic and ambitious man, he had, by 1950, attained full tenure and delved into a myriad of functions and political contests both on and off campus. In 1958, Kerr, now President of the State University system, named McHenry Academic Assistant to the President on a half-time basis. Two years later, McHenry became Dean of Academic Planning.

In 1961, McHenry visited Cabrillo College, a junior college located in Santa Cruz county, to deliver a speech. The meeting developed into a debate between Messrs. Sinclair and Schaeffer, two local Berkeley alumni, on the pros and cons of a Santa Cruz campus. Sparked by this, and having toured the Cowell Ranch, McHenry wrote to Kerr requesting the chancellorship of the new South Central Coast campus. Kerr favored the idea, and four weeks after the selection of the Cowell site, Dean E. McHenry was formally nominated by the Regents as Chancellor. It was an arrangement of mutual benefit, for Kerr could be assured of a loyal and dependable compatriot in what was to be a new campus modelled on categorically novel lines, while McHenry could rely on fundamental support and friendship when disagreements on matters of policy threatened difficulties and delays.

What was the novel plan? In roughest outline, the notion was a daring one — to solve problems of scale, of anonymity, of facelessness, of distance, both physical and spiritual, and of the aimless swarming, herding, shoving together of students and professors in meager and mechanical

patterns, by ordaining a 'collegiate' campus. The slogan proclaimed that the collegiate campus could "seem small even as it grew large." The prototype was an amalgam of universities like Harvard, Yale, Oxford, and Cambridge. The problem was twofold — first, to articulate these simple yet immensely ambitious definitions, and second, to ensure that such structures would accommodate the needs, methods, and numbers of an enormous and public state university system. Yet even as the planners were concerning themselves with giving a realistic and physical substance to such concepts as residence halls, the Regents, their ultimate comptrollers, were still baffled and perhaps misled by the mythic aspects of the plan: A Yale sounded frivolously expensive to their financially delicate ears, and Oxford wafted an antique and nostalgic perfume into their pragmatic nostrils. Hurried into approving a radical and bare new blueprint, they might well be expected to entertain second thoughts, major reservations. And inevitably, they did. The effect of their doubts would be felt by the new campus at different times with varying degrees of seriousness.

Creation of a skeletal planning staff soon followed McHenry's appointment. The earliest nucleus of this staff included Donald Clark, University Librarian, Jack Wagstaff, University Architect, and Karl Lamb, a political scientist from the University of Michigan with some experience in the development of new campuses. John Carl Warnecke was named Master Plan Architect; working with him would be Thomas A. Church, Landscape Architect. The tasks immediately before this early planning committee were the solicitation of benefactions for the various colleges, the selection of college heads, the form, emphasis, and scope of the colleges, architectural planning, and countless other considerations involved in the creation of a new university.

From the start, the planning committee had to work in high gear. Architectural and curricular plans crystallized rapidly. But as the campus began to take physical shape, the Regents' wariness began to exert an adverse effect upon the progress of the fledgling campus. In June of 1963, while McHenry was attending a meeting at Harvard, they decided

to postpone the opening of Santa Cruz for one year, until the Fall of 1966. It was a reasonable decision; there was something less than two years before the previously scheduled opening of Cowell College.

But however rational and well intentioned the postponement was, it was politically naive. McHenry realized that if the construction and the hiring of faculty were delayed, the whole idea might easily be scuttled by the economic biases of certain politicians who opposed any expansion of the State University system. The political mood of Californians was changing; in June the voters had turned down a State bond proposition for the expansion of higher education. Though the proposition finally passed in November, this fiscal conservatism had its ultimate result in the election of Ronald Reagan as Governor. The tenuousness of Santa Cruz' position was made explicit in Reagan's demand in 1966 that the University cut expenses by closing the new campuses. The first year of a new institution is always expected to be its most uneconomical in terms of operative costs; had that first year fallen under the Reagan administration, it might well have seen the closing of the Santa Cruz campus while the initial outlay of funds was still relatively small. Fortunately the Regents, under persistent pressure from McHenry and others, agreed to a Fall, 1965, opening.

However, another complication arose in November of 1963, when the lowest bids for construction of the first college, Cowell, were one million dollars over the budget. The only solution was to strip it of its more unnecessary items and to slow down construction. It meant that Cowell buildings would not be completed until Fall of 1966 and that some sort of temporary housing would be required. Mount Hermon and the Seventh Day Adventist Summer Camp in the Santa Cruz mountains were investigated as possibilities. The decision to lease sixty-five trailers was a more realistic answer, but entailed greater expense, since the makeshift sewage system was to last only one year. In all, the University absorbed a $90,000 loss for its temporary housing.

By late November, 1963, Karl Lamb had drawn up a tentative academic plan. The agitation it created was pri-

marily due to its emphasis on close student-faculty relations as the foundation for a high level of undergraduate education. Because the document was meant to be only an approach rather than a concrete guideline, it was couched in somewhat vague terms. To the Regents, who had not been consulted, it appeared to be a model for an expensive toy. Rumors spread to the effect that the University was building another Oxford. It was claimed that no research could be carried on because professors would be too busy holding single student tutorials. The defenders of the multiversity had blown a simple residential plan out of all proportion, picturing it as the work of madmen or sentimental romantics. Regents Chandler and Simon were profoundly skeptical of such a project until they had been reassured by the Santa Cruz staff that it was not their intention to have a 'warmed-over nostalgic Oxford.'

For indeed, the plan was neither nostalgic nor impractical. As part of the state-wide University system, Santa Cruz would be expected to meet certain general requirements: By 1990 it should be able to provide undergraduate and graduate education for some 27,500 students; it should provide facilities and programs for instruction and research in the liberal arts, the physical and social sciences, and the professions; it should offer Bachelor's, Master's, and Doctoral degrees in the various fields of learning. The physical, academic, and administrative structure and organization of the new campus were the responsibility of the Chancellor and his planning staff.

It was no longer possible simply to provide classrooms and a teaching staff, allowing the structure to grow haphazardly. Nor would sheer monolithic expansion of a self-perpetuating bureaucracy suffice. To ensure the optimum functioning of the three major roles of the university, education, research, and professional training, it was imperative that before any construction began a plan be devised which allowed for flexibility within a cohesive, far-sighted framework, while at the same time recognizing the essential human nature of various members of the university community. In formulating such a plan, its architects had the experiences

of Oxford and Cambridge, of the great universities of Germany and America, and of the small liberal arts colleges from which to draw, as well as the prestige and resources of the University of California.

As the large universities incline farther and farther towards the financially more rewarding occupation of research, undergraduate teaching, upon which research depends for its lifeblood, is shamefully neglected. Classes of one thousand or more are not uncommon. Other classes are taught by Teaching Assistants, themselves graduate students, and the undergraduate may never have any personal contact with a senior faculty member. The indifference and impersonalness with which he is treated — more as a number than as a name — leaves him frustrated and bitter. The alarming statistics for attrition and suicide among students at Berkeley, Columbia, Chicago, and the other large 'knowledge factories', as well as the growing incidence of campus disorders underscore the degree to which these institutions have failed to integrate the undergraduate into the academic community.

At the liberal arts college, something of an opposite situation may prevail. While receiving individual instruction and more personal attention, facilitating a closer, more informal relationship with his professor or dean, the student is limited in his opportunities for original research and exposure to outstanding scholars. Lacking the funds available to the public universities, the college cannot compete in terms of library and laboratory facilities, faculty salaries, or cultural offerings. As a result, such an education is necessarily more parochial. And, while remaining largely independent of outside political control, save for obligations incurred as a result of governmental grants, the liberal arts college is often hamstrung by boards of trustees resistent to educational innovation.

Bound neither to the hopeless inertia of tradition and precedent, nor to the vested interests of an established bureaucracy, the planners of Santa Cruz, like the authors of the U S. Constitution, were free to establish a new order of things. Utopian in intent yet intensely pragmatic in orienta-

tion, with Plato their inspiration and History their guide, they sought an heuristic synthesis of the best of both the small college and the large state university. This synthesis was to take the form of a cluster of some fifteen to twenty residential colleges and ten professional schools, including medicine, architecture, engineering, and business, surrounding a campus core of administration buildings, research centers, and library. Each residential college was to provide a liberal arts education while placing particular emphasis upon one field or discipline, such as history, the social sciences, or the physical sciences; not, however, to the exclusion of any area of undergraduate specialization. Indeed, approximately half of its membership would be engaged in studies not directly related to the college's own specialty, in order to encourage interdisciplinary dialogue. Each college would determine its own standards for academic achievement above and beyond those of the University and of the Santa Cruz campus and would decide how best to satisfy these requirements, in keeping with its own emphasis and academic goals. Students would take about half of their courses (mostly in the lower division) within their own college but would be free to enroll in campus-wide courses in other colleges.

Undergraduate enrollment in each college would range from four to eight hundred students, most of whom would live in college residence halls, with thirty-five to seventy faculty members, nine or twelve residing within the college. Special emphasis would be placed upon small classes, seminars, and tutorials to supplement the very large lecture classes. The smallness of the classes and, for many, the experience of living and eating together, would enable both the students and faculty to know each other on a personal level. In addition, the college would be the center of cultural, social, and recreational activities, with all members of the college community participating in concerts, dramatic productions, dances, intramural sports, and informal discussion groups. Such a sharing of collegiate life would encourage a sense of belonging to a common endeavor, to a true intellectual community, giving a meaning to the whole which would transcend

the sum of its parts so that none of its members need ever feel alienated.

Functionally and administratively, the college would maintain a certain degree of autonomy. Its chief administrative officer would be the Provost, a senior faculty member appointed by the Chancellor, who would live with his family in a special residence within his college. He would be assisted by a staff including two Senior Preceptors and ten Resident Preceptors. The Provost would be largely responsible for recruitment and promotion of his faculty, for determining the college curriculum, and other functions directly related to the operation of the college. Being in close contact with the faculty and students, the Provost could be much more responsive to their needs, academic or otherwise, than could a central administration which must deal with more than thirty thousand individuals. The nature of such a decentralized system would, hopefully, permit the flexibility and capacity for change where it is most needed.

Unlike the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, which are operated as independent corporations owned by their fellows, the Santa Cruz colleges would be owned by the State of California. But the cost of building a campus of residential colleges is higher than for one of the Irvine-Berkeley-monolith prototype and, as a result, State and Federal funds would cover only 80% of the cost for each college. The balance would have to come in the form of endowments from either foundations or interested individuals. Additional endowments could provide for scholarships, the stocking of college libraries, or special academic chairs.

The relative freedom enjoyed by the Oxbridge colleges comes not without a price; there are dangers inherent in such security. William Ritter, delivering the Charter Day Address at the University of California in 1902, observed, "Learning, like fermentation, is inhibited by its own product unless there be free currents in the medium wherein it works which remove these products and carry them to all parts of the whole." Institutions, like organisms, if isolated from all sources of stimulation and challenge, eventually cease to develop and begin to lose their ability to adapt to a reality

which, outside the buffer zone, is in a perpetual state of change. The Santa Cruz college, existing within an ill-defined and ambiguous state of semi-autonomy, would face threats from both. But if an attitude of rationality were maintained, the tensions resulting from this conflict of functions could become an asset and the danger minimized. In such an atmosphere the colleges of Santa Cruz could continue to grow and thrive.

Recognizing at once that no new venture, whether it be the creation of a State or that of an institution of higher learning, could be guaranteed success, and that the established system had failed in many important respects, the Santa Cruz enterprise was to be an experiment, with "few expectations and great pretensions." The colleges themselves, and primarily and most crucially Cowell College, the first of many, were to be the laboratories within which the experiment was to be conducted. The multiplicity of colleges would allow the testing of a multiplicity of innovations without jeopardizing the sucess of the basic and more general concept.

The City of Santa Cruz lies on the northern end of Monterey Bay. Most of the year a quiet, predominantly retirement beach community, Santa Cruz during the summer months undergoes an abrupt transformation; visitors, to whom it is a recreation area, swell the population to nearly three times its normal size. Its mild climate, clean air, beaches, and amusement center become as Zion to the excitement-starved, smog-smitten and dust-bedeviled multitudes who seek refuge from the cities and towns of California's blistering interior valleys. Supporting the little non-agricultural industry, Santa Cruz is characterized by obsolescent buildings, a rickety wooden roller-coaster, and the San Lorenzo River which flows down from the innocent tributaries in the Coast Range's Big Basin area to divide the town east from west, a veritable aqueous curtain.

The University of California's Santa Cruz campus is situated upon the headlands above and to the northwest of the town. The Cowell Ranch site consists of 2000 acres of

meadowland and second-growth redwood forest, ranging in elevation from 290 to 1190 feet. On a map, the campus appears rather like a bloated squid. It is bordered to the north, the east, and the west by undeveloped forest and grassland, while the technically virgin Henry Cowell Redwoods State Park forms the northeasterly boundary. The southern acreage of the site is characterized by great expanses of lush grazing land, occupied from late summer to late spring by moribund herds of fat steer, its horizontal humility occasionally, and often unexpectedly, challenged by a single audacious stand of oak or laurel. The central part is heavily forested, predominantly by second-growth redwoods, although oak, laurel, and madrone are duly represented. Moving north, the tree cover thins and small meadows, alternating with areas densely populated by low brush — manzanita, toyon, and chinquapin — which appear with increasing frequency; Douglas fir, Monterey pine, buckeye, and maple also begin to make their appearance. Nearly three-quarters of the campus is covered by either trees or brush.

Geologically, practically all of the site is comprised of the three oldest of five littoral-sedimentary formations, the exception being the uppermost end where the presence of quartz diorite indicates a possible igneous origin. Beneath the surface, particularly in the center, the site is honeycombed with limestone caverns, to whose presence the seemingly ubiquitous karst topography, with its numerous sinkholes, bears silent testimony. Outcroppings of limestone and marble are easily visible in the central and southeastern sectors, where the Henry Cowell Lime and Cement Company operated two quarries from the latter half of the nineteenth century. Although most of the land has a slope of less than 15%, suitable for building without incurring prohibitive engineering problems, the topography is varied, often dramatically so. To the east and to the west the land falls away precipitously, to Wilder Creek and Cave Gulch on the one side, and to the San Lorenzo River Canyon on the other; the southern half of the campus is cut by several deep old riverbeds. Most of the central and northern interior consists of gentle knolls and valleys amenable to construction. Addi-

tionally, the problems of landslide and erosion in this area are minimized by the network of subterranean caves and channels which provide adequate drainage for surface water.

As stated in their report, the paramount concern of the Long Range Development Planners was that the site ". . . be utilized so sympathetically that its natural aesthetic qualities are preserved, and remain to enhance the development of the academic goals." The diversity of themes within the symphonic harmony of the site's natural environment would offer unique opportunities, as well as stimulating challenges, to the architects of the new campus creatively to realize this statement of principles. They could carry out, in physical structure and landscaping, the counterpart of the Academic Plan, stressing both the diversity of the various colleges, and the dynamic role of the college in the larger context of the unified yet flexible whole. It was a plan which would be responsive to human needs, and which would neither degrade nor depersonalize those whom it would serve.

The theme perhaps most integral to the environment, and certainly the most difficult to ignore, is that of the redwood groves. Landscape Achitect Church insisted that they be "thought of less as trees to enhance, screen, and shelter buildings (although they do), but more as great vertical elements of the topography having form, mass, and density against which to compose the architecture . . . With the exception of areas especially preserved in their natural state, the general effect in the main campus areas must be one of sensitive collaboration between the designer and this spectacular environment with the intent that neither shall impose unduly on the other." He further stipulated that "There will be no indiscriminate removal of major redwood groves to accommodate pre-conceived architectural schemes." Wherever possible, the integrity of the natural setting should be respected and should play a central role in the creation of an essential campus motif, such as a single, basic structural material, which, utilized throughout, would provide a self-consistent campus identity and facilitate an important sense of unity. In locating the individual colleges, advantage should be taken of the general slope of the land or of the many

small hills which afford scenic, and sometimes spectacular views of Monterey Bay or the more immediate environs; privacy and uniquity could be provided by skillful incorporation of trees and rock formations. Its facilities opening into a more formally landscaped area in its geographic center, the college would reflect, in its physical plant, its autonomous and self-contained nature. Its individuality would derive, in part, from the different visions of the different architects. Sixteen different architects or architectural firms were to be employed in the design of the first fifteen colleges, each with its own personality, each reflecting the subtle variations particular to its own site.

In the autumn of 1965, Cowell College, the campus' first, would open its doors to 650 new students. Construction had already been well underway by December of 1964 when the Berkeley campus was shattered, and the University shaken to its very foundations, by its confrontation with students and faculty alienated by the unreasoning rigidity and monolithic impersonality of its bureaucracy. The experiment undertaken on a hill in Santa Cruz County would test whether such an alienation was the inevitable product of a large university or whether, with foresight and imagination, an institution could be established which could meet the physical, emotional, and intellectual needs of more than thirty thousand individuals. Cowell College would be the first crucial test of a hitherto academic dream, and its success or failure would significantly affect the course of higher education in North America.

2 *Dramatis Personae*

It is clear that through the early years up to 1964 the man most responsible for the creation of Santa Cruz was its Chancellor, Dean McHenry. A man suited for the position, he is, in his own description, an operator. He is an immensely practical man, very keen in deciding on the most direct course of action, and forceful in its application. He is frank to the point of bluntness with individuals, yet capable of the most discrete subtleties should the occasion warrant. Having devoted so much effort to Santa Cruz, he is extremely protective towards it. To maneuver in a world of paperwork is one thing; to create a living organism is quite another. Negotiations with the Regents, with Federal funding agencies, with private foundations, and with site planners and landscape architects, were one proof of McHenry's ability and fierce certainty of purpose. Intense as these problems were, they were less delicate, demanded a smaller ration of imagination, and were capable of a simpler, more purely logical set of solutions than was the choice of the men who were to vivify the formal plan. What kind of men would McHenry select to found the first college? He wanted renowned scholars for his campus, and, because it was part of the wealthy University of California, located in a beautiful redwood setting, and because the project was experimental and therefore not bound by the usual limitations and traditions, he was able to get them. McHenry was never reluctant to challenge a faculty appointment because he felt the candidate had attended a third-rate graduate school. At the early faculty parties he often introduced people by listing their degrees, universities, scholastic prizes, and publications.

McHenry describes himself as "not an innovator, but an expeditor who borrows people's ideas and who greases the skids to get things on time." Concerned less with who people are than with what they are, he is essentially pragmatic and business-like. If they had "made it in the outside world" they would be a welcome and beneficial addition to the Santa Cruz community. His appointments for Santa Cruz were irreproachably and academically sound. But he had shown a surprising flexibility and adventurousness in the choice of some of his advisers. For instance, consider the appointment of Byron Stookey: On Clark Kerr's advice, McHenry had invited David Riesman, the prominent Harvard sociologist, to Santa Cruz to discuss general academic planning and selection of faculty. Riesman brought with him a young Harvard graduate, tall, nervous, gangling, who had been in charge of Harvard's experimental Freshman Seminar.

Scion of a wealthy, long-established Eastern family, Byron Stookey, Jr., was educated at all the 'right' schools. Either because of this upbringing or due to his own personal make-up, he is a tremendously sensitive individual. It is not simply a sensitivity of perception but a sensitivity of expression as well. Everything he does, every motion and every word, is a result of reflection. He is neither outgoing nor glib; on the contrary, he is shy, painfully so. Yet he is an idealist with enough conviction and faith to bring his schemes to fruition. He enjoys one precious quality which is all too lacking and too often ridiculed in the sophisticated institutions of today — innocence. He suffered one major disqualification: He was young, untried, inexperienced. In fact he was an improbable person for a planning position.

Yet the Chancellor was so immediately impressed with the ideas of this young man that he offered him the position of Head of Academic Planning. The challenge proved irresistible and Stookey was dissuaded from entering a doctoral program at Harvard. The decision was nothing short of momentous in the development of Santa Cruz, for it set a tone of swashbuckling forwardness in the matter of appointments which was augmented by the Chancellor's next move, the discovery and wooing of Page Smith.

In the month of September, 1963, at the McHenrys' University House on Pasatiempo Drive in the outskirts of Santa Cruz, there appeared a tall and very big man with rough-hewn features and graying hair severly slicked. He was

cowboy-like, and if manner were considered a bit more than appearance, he might have been taken for Gary Cooper. This man was Page Smith, Professor of American History at UCLA. The Chancellor had recently said in a letter, congratulating him on his lately published book, *John Adams*, "if you're up in the area of Santa Cruz, drop in." Page Smith *was* going to be driving up north anyway, or he might never have taken McHenry up on his rather disguised offer. He was walking this day up to the University House along with his lovely wife Eloise, and two of their four children, Anne and Eliot (godson of the historian Samuel Eliot Morison, with whom Page Smith had studied at Harvard). McHenry, all glittering smile and glittering pate, and wearing a UCSC sweatshirt (the only one then extant), greeted them on the porch. Their talk naturally turned to higher education, to the University of California, eventually, inevitably, to Santa Cruz. Before Smith left he was photographed by McHenry in the UCSC sweatshirt. Their contact did not end there, for a little later McHenry wrote to Page Smith offering him the Provostship of Santa Cruz's first college, Cowell. Page Smith accepted the position officially in January, 1964. In this curiously casual manner was effected a most unexpected appointment, perhaps the most felicitous (as well as most crucial) the Chancellor could ever have made, and possibly ever would.

A major element in this felicity was that Page Smith and Byron Stookey saw eye to eye, and became the firmest of political allies. Indeed sometimes they seemed almost to echo each other. Both were adept at manufacturing telling phrases and propounding enticing and brilliant new axioms. Thus, for Byron Stookey, the creation of a new campus was "something like finding yourself on a beach, alone, with a beautiful girl." Education was very much a process of seduction. Just as love demands meaning and purpose, the intellectual life required some sort of sexual attraction. Sexual attraction rests on three qualities: vitality, mystery, and vulnerability. Learning, too, Stookey wrote, "must have life and power, it must withhold much, and disclose something." Mechanical, artificial learning is the antithesis of understanding. The students' sympathy and concentration were required for true comprehension. If we could make education inviting in the sense that courtship is inviting we would be assured of students' concentration and application. "Let us not pretend that learning to bend glass is the essence of research in science, let us not pretend that conjugation of verbs is the stuff of literary understanding, let us not pretend that historical inquiry is vitalized by dates."

The agreement of the two men went deep. It was a strange and lucky chance that they shared so much of the same educational philosophy. "My basic plea is for disorder. The opposite of order is not necessarily confusion, chaos, and disruption. It is not learning that is monotonous or boring, but rather the arid institutions in which it is too often encased. I want to relieve students of the administrative regulations which often stifle student enthusiasm. In order to foster student initiative and individualism we must institutionalize a tolerance for innovation. What happens if a Professor decides there is no place in his seminar for any kind of grades? What happens if a student decides that next fall he should take a leave of absence What happens if a student wants criticism of an essay that no one has assigned, or if a sophomore asks support for an earnest piece of study he can accomplish more effectively on his own, or wants to create a major for himself that is powerfully coherent intellectually but has no formal place in the curriculum? What happens if a faculty member wants for his own education to teach in alternate years at NYU? And where we are tolerant are we *really* tolerant or only grudgingly and by exception?"

The voice, again, is Byron Stookey's; but it could so very easily have been the voice of Page Smith. For the historian, this congruence of view, this amity, the continuous and deeply intertwined, indeed daily and hourly cooperation between the two men, particularly in the early stages of the venture, sets a problem. For Stookey has a personal reticence that tends to conceal his widespread influence. Page Smith is essentially a public figure. Often, underlying many of the ideas and activities that have forged events, as well as the guiding

hand and bold utterance of the Provost, one senses the stammered, tentative but persistent and wise advice of Stookey. But Page Smith not Byron Stookey was appointed Provost of Cowell College, and by virtue of this it was inevitable that he fashioned the basic fabric of its life.

Page Smith is a tall solid man, well-dressed, careful in his appearance. His early American ancestry (descendant of Pocahontas and John Smith and numerous New England colonists) may or may not have shaped his desire to become a Colonial American historian. Nevertheless, his heritage serves to fortify the impression one comes away with after first meeting with him. He appears totally American, eyes aloft with feet planted securely on the ground. Gentle and sometimes humble, he is perceptive enough to recognize many of the shortcomings of America's higher education. His conclusions, along with his knowledge of American history, make Cowell a peculiarly American form of experiment. Much as Roger Williams settled Rhode Island, Page Smith collected a group of educational dissenters to establish a new sort of intellectual community, a purified 'city upon a hill.'

Page Smith has often been criticized for his collection of a faculty composed of men with the same kind of approach to education. It is true that most of these men disliked the atmosphere of a multiversity and admired the small liberal arts collegiate system. As he himself said, "I was presumptuous enough to try to assemble a homogeneous faculty made up primarily of people I personally liked and trusted. I did not deliberately seek variety or conformity but rather congeniality." Considering the tenuousness and the experimental nature of Santa Cruz in these early years, Smith would have been foolish not to have done so. Dissenters can be united only if they share common goals. Those goals, as articulated by Page Smith, gave flesh to his personal approach to education, an approach that would bring about a renaissance in undergraduate university education.

It was Smith's hope that at Cowell, "some of the fun, surprise, and delight of learning could be rediscovered." "The feeling of freedom and exhuberance characteristic of

games and sports, of all true play, should be central to the educational process." Those feelings of freedom and exhuberance were to be insured through a process much like that of Byron Stookey's 'orderly disorder.' It should be noted that both of these men had come independently to the conclusion that a removed and unyielding administration was slowly strangling the American student. They agreed that Santa Cruz would be different, that it would *have* to be different. To Page Smith, the most basic and important mandate to the University of California at Santa Cruz was for openness and flexibility, for farsighted and imaginative experimentation.

This mind was fertile in new expedients. Smith had the highest expectations for his innovations, such as College Night, a weekly formal dinner followed by a lecture and discussion. He anticipated a well-rounded communal life encouraging a chamber music group, a dramatic association, and a literary society. The simple demands of a closely knit community would make it virtually impossible for a student to feel alienated or lost. The 'core course' concept was another of Smith's attempts to bring the students closer together while compelling them to confront world problems and giving them an overall view of Western and non-Western civilizations. Finally, in the months directly preceding Cowell's opening in 1965, Smith engineered his greatest *coup d' etat*. Without the sanction of either the University or the campus Senate, he and the faculty instituted a pass-fail system of grading based on individual evaluations. Needless to say, a tremendous uproar followed, but Smith's resolution and the final success of pass-fail attest to his courage and sincerity.

To the students Page Smith is the hero of Cowell College. For faculty and students he has articulated the ideal nature and the goals of the college community; he has inspired the members of Cowell to seek to make Cowell into that ideal community; and he has embodied in himself the image of what the community must mean to the individual and the individual to the community.

Of course, the meaning Page Smith gives to Cowell by calling it, and by trying to make it a community is not en-

tirely present for everyone. It may be possible to come to Cowell as a freshman and leave as a senior never having tasted the idea of community. It may be possible, but it must be very difficult. One would have to be as stubbornly anti-community as Page Smith is stubbornly pro-community in order to avoid a sense of identity which is more than school spirit. However, it is true that some people care more than others. The fact that Smith can accept the rejection of the community by some people, and yet believe so strongly in it, inspires those who do identify with Cowell as a community with so much the more devotion and faith, and equally secures for the unbelievers, the non-participants, a place in the community. It is in this way that Page Smith is the inspiration of Cowell. But though this is perhaps the most important aspect of his presence, it is by no means the only one.

Page Smith has two peculiar methods of administration, both of which have grown partly from a sort of innocence about the administrative process and partly from his belief in getting things done despite red tape. The first approach is boldness. Page Smith knows that bureaucracies by nature deter innovations. But by the same token they deter all change. Thus, the trick is to slip a new practice in surreptitiously, without insisting that it be bureaucratically recognized. After a while it becomes standard procedure — and then bureaucratic inertia, no longer its enemy, becomes instead its safeguard. It is Page Smith's belief in this device, his strategy of outwitting the bureaucracy, that determined, for example, that UCSC would be on pass-fail rather than on letter grading. Smith's ability to ignore the rules first, and make them work against themselves later, allows Cowell College to experiment with various kinds of informal and tentative educational schemes.

It is only fair to add that some people find it difficult to work under Page Smith's administration. His avoidance of the myriad details of the administrative process prevents him from spelling out for those who work for him exactly what to do and how to do it. This was especially true the first year when he was as much uncertain about the nature

of his own job as he was unable clearly to define the jobs of his subordinates. This situation has improved, but not entirely. He still hesitates to make clear the nature of secretarial or other duties, wishing perhaps rather to let the person define his or her own job. The trouble arises when, after this process of job definition is fairly complete, Page Smith tosses in a few more undefined duties or restrictions and his secretary (or whoever) is put in a quandary again. Another element of Page Smith's administration which many do not like is that, because he trusts his own judgment and at the same time feels responsible for the well-being of the college, he likes to have a good idea of just about everything that goes on. He feels unsure if he senses that there are aspects of college life with which he is not in touch. Consequently he tries to be omniscient about the college and to assume the responsibility for as many decisions about it as he can. Some feel that in this way he encroaches upon their territory; and to the extent that the college is a hierarchical administrative system he probably does. But Smith sees the college not as system but as community, and this brings us to the second of his two major approaches to college administration.

This second approach is more complicated and has to do with his philosophy of teaching. He believes that the best administration is that which is most direct and most personal, as is the best education. Because of his basic interest in people, and his desire to help them and the community at large, Page Smith does not put himself at the top of a large and complex administrative structure. Neither does he have long office hours, nor complicated procedures one must go through in order to see him, nor a specified administrative vocabulary, nor even a neat desk. Rather he talks to people outside his office — in the dining hall, in the courtyard, in the gatehouse of the college, in his own home; he plants and harvests ideas, and fields questions, complaints, and suggestions at any time and from anyone in the community; he avoids administrative jargon; he tries to know everyone in the college, at least by face if not by name, and largely succeeds. By spending a good amount of time teach-

ing those people over much of whose affairs he presides as Provost, and by conversing more than conferring, Page Smith not only gets done things which might otherwise remain undone forever, but he prevents the existence of one of those dreaded gaps between an administration and its faculty and students. He makes himself a sturdy bridge between what could become two parts of the community, and he does it by seeing himself as an individual in the community, with responsibility to the whole community and to all its members, rather than as an administrative boss. His influence is great because it is not tied to rules and bureaucratic procedures. This, in the minds of some, may suggest that he is a poor administrator. Novertheless, it does not prevent him from being a great Provost, as indeed more expertise well might.

Here it is better to quote the Provost himself to get the flavor of his attitude. "I believe that academic administration (which is the only administration I know about) is to some extent a 'put-on.' Administrators often feel obliged to act as they think administrators should act. They travel a good deal, attend numerous conferences, call interminable meetings, etc. By being seldom in my office and thus generally inaccessible to other administrators the impression has been created, not really deliberately, that I am very busy. Actually I am not, but people politely disbelieve that I am not, so this notion of 'being busy' is actually a useful cover. My only firm conviction about being an administrator is that it is necessary to get lots of exercise and that being an administrator should be a pleasure or one shouldn't do it."

Page Smith teaches, among other assorted courses, American Civilization, the fourth quarter of the Cowell core course, World Civilization. His course is less straight history than what he believes history to be, that is, what the course name implies — the study of civilization. This includes culture, psychology, and beliefs, as well as events and people. The student can see in Page Smith, especially when he is teaching American History, an exemplar of American traditions and ideals. He is a professor, that is, he professes. He even evangelizes. He not only teaches the nature of our past, but

tries to teach how we grow out of the past into the future. Eugene Rosenstock-Huessy, Page Smith's own teacher at Dartmouth, argues that "the past and the future combine to create the present." Page Smith is one of Huessy's closest disciples in this.

If we are to understand Page Smith we must emphasize his competitive spirit. He is very much the athlete. He plays tennis, takes a turn at the boxing bag, keeps two horses in the corral behind his house on campus, and can be seen on week-ends, dressed in complete cowboy attire, riding his white mare, Smokey. One quarter he even taught a wrestling course. He is a fierce ping-pong player and likes to win as much as he likes a good game. It is said that riding down the Natural Sciences hill on his bicycle the first year, he would call on the nearest bicycle rider for a race — provided he thought he could win it. Perhaps a more classic example will suffice to complete the picture. One of the scheduled field events for the World Civ. Greek Festival was a footrace. When it came time for the race, the entries were two — Page Smith and Jasper Rose. The crowd waited at the finish line as the two contestants walked to the other side of the field — Page Smith very tall and lanky, a known athlete; Jasper Rose, the same height, much fatter, skimpy shanked, a confirmed smoker, out of condition, a natural dawdler. Page Smith was confident, Rose suspiciously without comment. The race began. Page Smith pulled out ahead towards the crowd and to its left. Rose caught up on the right. They were neck and neck. Rose fell behind by two feet, but no more. As they approached the finish line, Page Smith turned his head, saw Rose close behind him, and cut across his path. Rose had to dodge, and Page Smith crossed the imaginary and quite extended finish line first. He was declared winner. Rose's camp was outraged, Smith's chagrined. We asked Page Smith why he'd done it. "Well," he said, "I thought I'd left him way behind me. Then I looked around and saw him right next to me. I had to do something." We were unconvinced of the integrity of the move. Then he added defensively, "Well, how would it have looked

for the Provost to lose to the Senior Preceptor?" We acquiecsed. It would not have looked good at all.

In personal conversation (when he is not telling a story) Page Smith is hesitant if not shy. No one is more willing to speak with students, yet with few is it more difficult for students to make conversation, for his uneasy manner at such times renders them a bit uncomfortable. But give Page Smith three or more people (his preference seems to be for more) and he will rise to speak with little provocation. He does not cease until he has entirely exhausted the original thought and at least one other. For this he has been called a bit of a ham, pedantic, long-winded, even boring.

Page Smith, like most interesting people, enjoys variety in the experience of tastes, ideas, artistic expressions. To the college he brings every sort of person who has anything to teach. It can even be said that Page Smith brings at least as many inspiring and valuable speakers, performers, teachers, exhibits, etc. as unfortunate or uninteresting ones. Thus the community is constantly experiencing the new and the unusual, the great and the meek, the dull and the exciting, the avant garde and the strait-laced of all sorts, and so is continually being cultivated and nourished.

Some people do not like Page Smith. They see and reject him as a "father-figure," an image distasteful to this generation of youth. The stereotype of the Provost is often close to the truth in some ways, and it is probably the reason that the women of the college like him more than the men. Of course it is also true that he professes to enjoy the company of women more than that of men. Although Smith would like to describe himself as a "radical Christian anarchist," today's radical students are able at best only to tolerate him. This is natural, for as an adult he believes that change takes time and effort, and that destruction does not lead to rebirth. This is a kind of wisdom that does not exist in youth, and often offends young people. However, by encouraging enthusiasm and by delighting in modern students' vigorous dissent, the Provost has, through the first four years, remained a friend, or at least an acceptable adult, to most students.

To those who can overlook his weaknesses, Page Smith is a hero. (And it might not be out of place here to mention that more than one person, on reading the great American novel, *Raintree County*, for Smith's American Civilization course, has strongly identified Smith with Johnny Shawnessey, the protagonist of the epic and of America, "A young hero and endlessly courageous dreamer.") From Page Smith the students learn, if not to believe in what he believes, at least to believe. It is because of Page Smith that Cowell exists, that its spirit is strong and good, that its aspirations are high. But it is also because of him, and because of that aspect of his nature which is at once so righteous and so accepting of men, that even members of the College who do not have the belief in Cowell as Community nevertheless have, often in spite of themselves, the powerful, the meaningful, and, hopefully, the fruitful experience of the Cowell College Community.

In the months following Page Smith's appointment he and Dean McHenry discussed, sought, interviewed, and got to know the teachers who were to form the Cowell College faculty. The faculty thus became more than a loose aggregation of professional teachers and research men. It was a collection. A collection implies the making of a conscious choice, and insofar as one motivating consciousness prevailed in the selection of a faculty it was Page Smith's. This is not to belittle McHenry's contribution. McHenry traveled with Page Smith in their search for faculty; he interviewed candidates and discussed them with Smith, and he ultimately had the last say. But if the Chancellor made suggestions, helped sort out the possibilities, and had veto power, it was the Provost who determined the criteria, gave prospective faculty members the pitch for Cowell and UCSC, and finally made the choices.

The first considerations in picking the faculty were breadth of intellectual interests and committment to undergraduate teaching. Where established institutions looked for renowned researchers to fill vacant positions, Cowell was concerned primarily with undergraduate teaching. Reputation and research would come in time. Thus Smith could inter-

view young and energetic teachers as well as older, more honored professors. Page Smith was looking for ability, not for prestige.

But Smith was looking for other things as well. Perhaps the largest boon to him and to the College was the fact that he was able to choose a whole faculty, rather than being limited to filling one vacant position. This allowed him to exercise his discretion to the fullest and to determine the criteria himself. He was looking for people who would accept and hopefully support the pass-fail grading system (which at the time existed only in his mind). He was looking for people who were compatible with each other socially as well as professionally. He was looking for people who would contribute to the life of the College, and he did not have to worry about whether there were more American Historians than European Historians. He was looking for people, young or old, fledgings or established, who were liberal and inventive teachers, friendly and intelligent companions, responsible and energetic citizens, and who were willing to be the pioneers and, later, the bulwarks of a newly-born community.

Page Smith did not, in fact, select all the fellows of Cowell himself, though it was always his decision whether to hire them. A great number of young teachers and graduate students were recommended by the senior people to whom Smith had come to offer positions or to seek advice, and this was to have a great effect on the lines along which the faculty would organize itself. Page Smith's spirit and attitudes were always involved, and his criteria had to be met. But the senior fellows, usually the first hired in a given discipline, had a great deal to say about the junior men in their own fields and about the directions their disciplines would take. Therefore, he took special care over his original appointments of tenured faculty and chose Harry Berger in English Literature, Maurice Natanson in Philosophy, J.W.T. Youngs in Mathematics. Kenneth Thimann (later to be the Provost of Crown College) helped Page Smith with the scientific appointments. Smith himself, of course, was the senior fellow in History.

Psychology presented a particular problem because Page Smith had serious reservations about the trend towards behaviorism in modern university psychology. In 1963 there were few serious humanistic psychologists in the country, and even fewer distinguished scholars who would be willing to come to Santa Cruz and establish a new psychology department. David Riesman was aware of the problem and suggested Bert Kaplan. Kaplan was at Rice University in Texas, where he had gone two years earlier to set up a new Humanistic Psychology program. His excellent work, distinguished reputation, and above all, his kind and gentle nature immediately recommended him to Smith. One of Kaplan's virtues, loyalty, made him feel that he should remain at Rice to complete his work there. But the prospect of a congenial atmosphere, friendly administration, enthusiastic students, and a beatiful campus complete with forest on one side and ocean on the other were too much for Bert Kaplan to resist. And so he came West.

With pullover sweaters and lumbering gait, Bert Kaplan was always right for Santa Cruz. From the first class he taught, Kaplan has been one of the most popular professors at Cowell. His courses are open-ended, although he does give finals, and they are designed to leave the student free to discover the joy of learning. Not all undergraduates want that kind of freedom and still fewer eventually use it. "Psychology and the Humanistic Discipline," "The Psychology of Religious Experience," and "The Interpretation of Personal Documents" were all originally designed, or rather imagined, as informal seminars. They had to be turned into more formal lectures because of their large enrollment. Well, not exactly lectures — it would be more accurate to say they are rumbled monologues interrupted by questions both from the speaker and the listeners. And questions in a Kaplan class usually remain specifically unanswered although they are talked around in every possible way.

There is something incongruous about Kaplan's large round shiny head, his sweet smile, his deep rumbling voice, and the childlike innocence and enthusiasm with which he conducts his classes. Students find him a humble man and

a kindred spirit. Sometimes he seems to be almost as confused as the students feel, probably because he is not afraid to learn from any and almost every source. He speaks slowly, painfully distilling each word, and when he acts, it is usually with a certain hesitancy. But Bert Kaplan has a vigor which has inspired and created unusual and important aspects of the community. It was he who set up the Psychology program at Cowell; who conceived and helped organize the interdisciplinary graduate program, "The History of Consciousness"; who introduced and sponsored a special student experimental film program (going out himself to make a film only to have it come out entirely over-exposed); who, at the age of fifty, learned to play tennis well enough to give Provost Smith a good battle; and who played the Minotaur in the University Theater Company's production of Racine's *Phédre*. And so gentle Bert Kaplan, while frustrating the impatient, has, by his flexibility of interests, made Cowell College more fascinating, and more humane.

By January, 1965, McHenry, Smith, and the senior fellows of Cowell had collected a most staggering list of people to whom they had offered positions. These prospective faculty members met that month in a plush modern house near the beach in Santa Cruz. The name of the place, which later gave its name to the conference itself, was Pleasure Point. The Pleasure Point Conference included most of the future members of the Cowell faculty, and many who were not to accept positions at Cowell. The discussion was held for the purpose of organizing the curriculum for Cowell College and, in part, for the University. The Humanities, the Social Sciences, the Natural Sciences, and the World Civilization Course were the four areas of general discussion. Architectural plans and finance were additional topics. This was the first gathering of the Dramatis Personae of Cowell College, the first array of characters and caricatures who would become the members of the community of scholars and friends.

Here were Helen Merrill Lynd, the distinguished sociologist and author from Sarah Lawrence; Harry Berger, energetic literature professor from Yale; Cornelius van Niel, a sparkling dignified and thickly accented Dutch biologist

from Stanford; Maurice Natanson, a philosopher's philosopher — complete with pipe, prophetic beard, incomprehensible vocabulary, and indomitable logic; Mary Holmes, entrancing, transforming, and sublimely charismatic; J.W.T. Youngs, a sharp-tongued and sharply dressed Mid-Westerner who entertained the conference members at one point with a demonstration of mathematical puzzles; Phenomenological Psychologist Bert Kaplan, shiny-domed and hulking; and Jasper Rose, the Reginald Bunthorne of Cowell College — and notoriously lacking in patience.

Jasper Rose is British, and so had an advantage from the start. He had been at Kings College, Cambridge, and the British loyalty which made him faithful to the past of Kings allowed him to envision the future of Cowell. He knew the College system could work, even in America in the sixties. His veneration of the traditions, habits and joys of college life at Kings allowed, or perhaps impelled him to believe in the success of the same things at Cowell. And so he has infused Cowell with the spirit of his revered Cambridge, and has also bombarded it with method; that is, he works ceaselessly at inventions, innovations, suggestions, and prohibitions — from allowing no bare feet in the dining hall and setting the dinner hour back to make college life more civilized, to organizing Shakespeare readings and a mass rendition of the *Messiah*, to accepting from as many independent study students as his schedule allows (and this in nearly any subject related to Art or History — which, for him, it may be added, includes nearly all human knowledge and experience), to making a point of eating lunch with undergraduates and having parties in the College and at his own home for assorted members of the community. He always wears his gown when lecturing. It represents to him his own education at, and graduation from Kings. To us it represents his vastly eclectic knowledge, his impeccably rigorous education, and his inimitable style.

Jasper Rose is extravagant, imposing, and inescapable. But the bubbling and mercurial aspect of his personality, that aspect which is most readily visible, can disappear to reveal another aspect, perhaps more impressive if far less

imposing. One may see then a sensitive, caring, doubting human being. He is deeply friendly and dedicated — not so much to education, as it would at first seem (although he *is* that, if not quite to a fault), but to those people he loves and cares for, securely among whom are his students. For their betterment, in all ways — social, educational, emotional, spiritual — he sacrifices much. More than comfort, time, and effort, he sacrifices now and then a little vanity, a little principle, a little sanity perhaps. This side of Jasper Rose is seen by far fewer people, for it is often overcome and rendered invisible by the more aggressive and the more tenacious aspect which appears, in part, as style. To this characteristic, reactions are quite varied. For Jasper Rose has been called vain and melodramatic, a buffoon and a clown, a caricature of himself. How can one who fits the above description be described as well by a series of seemingly derogatory epithets? Of course the answer can only be found in the man himself, never in a description of him. However, it might be illuminating to describe a few of the elements of his personality (or perhaps it would be more honest to say of the impression his personality creates). What is indescribable about Jasper Rose may possibly be hinted at by his effect on the community.

Jasper Rose is a man of taste — in two senses. Not only has he good taste in nearly all things (one might take exception only to his taste in cigars), but he believes in good taste *per se*, the exercising of which is to him a necessary and desirable human activity. Thus he is, humorously as often as seriously, a critic of, and commentator upon people and events, fads and trends, expertise and *faux pas*. He is also very much a performer, and this gives palpability to one's impression of his style. His conversation is clearly audible — from three tables away. He can be heard singing in the courtyard when he is in a fine mood and the weather is nice, and seen bowing to those he knows casually or does not know at all. (Those whom he knows well he greets with a slight intimation of reproach for not being a bit more energetic than they are.) He will quote, expatiate, or free associate at length on nearly any topic. And at such times, as

much as when he is lecturing, there is a great deal to be learned from and much to be remembered in what he says. He blusters a bit, complains a bit, laughs a bit, and argues a lot.

Yet, Rose has bad moods as well, and at such times as those only the talented can manage him. In a bad humor he is uncommonly docile (which is dangerous) and especially deadly. There is one way only to deal with him at such times, and this says as much about him as anything — that is, to force him, or rather, to slyly lead him into conversation with someone who is entertaining enough to evoke the same thing in him. If it is not an obvious trick he will rise to the occasion, his humor and vigor will return, and he will conclude thanking his companions for entertaining him. But this is a difficult task, for his bad moods can be as deep as his spirit is high. Nevertheless, bad mood or good, Jasper Rose affects those around him. His presence is always felt. His absence at a time when he is expected, or from a place where he usually is present, is likewise heavily felt. Not that his presence is always good or necessarily entertaining. It can be awesome. But it is always energetic. Meetings cannot stagnate, auditors cannot drowse, speakers cannot drone (at least not for long) when Jasper Rose is present. Life's panorama may appear painful and threatening or joyful and uplifting, but it will always appear in radiant color.

Aside from all this, or perhaps underlying it, is the fact that Jasper Rose is a rigorous academician. He would not let a half-truth, or for that matter, a nine-tenths truth slip by to save his life. He plunges headlong into discussion at the barest glimmer of disagreement. He will never agree when it is remotely possible to disagree. He searches for a truth unmarred by the slightest vaguery, the tinest misappelation, the slimmest clouding of a meaning, and that can be found only by continuous counterposition of intellectual forces. Thus he is always handy with a topic for conversation. He merely disagrees, in part, with whatever the previous declarative statement was.

There are a few things about Jasper Rose which are dis-

turbing and can either be devastating or foolish, depending on whom he is dealing with and how much he believes in what he is doing. He can be extremely petulant in a poor mood, and can become intolerable to speak to. Argument for the sake of discussion can become discussion for the sake of argument, and then it becomes pointless to talk to Rose. His petulance can melt imperceptibly into anger, and then he is likely to lash out at the first sentient being that gets in his way. He possesses as well the ability to become quite formal and proper, and even, he says, dishonest. Rose uses this style when occasions arise in which he must impress upon an undergraduate, or even a colleague, the seriousness and distastefulness of a remission or transgression. This imposing stance he learned as Proctor at Kings, and it was partly his ability to be austere that made him the perfect choice for Senior Preceptor.

Page Smith believes in the exposure of carefully bred and protected California youth to extraordinary human beings. Jasper Rose must be one of the most extraordinary human beings any California student has had the good fortune to study under. But this exposure to the extraordinary also affects adults. A good example is the Chancellor himself, who is an Anglophile anyway. He was so impressed by Rose's overwhelming personality, and by his book, *Camford Observed* (on the subject of education and life at Cambridge and Oxford, co-authored with John Ziman), that he overlooked Rose's lack of proper qualifications — he had no Ph. D. and few major publications — and agreed to hire him immediately.

Jasper Rose has a lightning-quick mind, capable of the sublimist wit, or a less sublime sort of wit, in the twinkling of an eye. Like Alexander Pope, he spoke in rhymed conversation with his father at the age of twelve. He has a voice which ranges from a most respectable bass to an innocent and sometimes painful tenor. Between these there is an agility exercised in any number of dips and slides, double stops, throat clearings, and vibrattoes, all of which enable him to represent in sound an infinite number of emotions and attitudes. His use of this ability is not limited, as one might suppose, to comedy, but extends as well to the noble, the

dramatic, the merely punctuational and the deeply passionate; in short, the whole range of Rose's own personality. He has a remarkable ability to imitate and to caricature, of which he makes great use in conversation and in lecture, much to the delight of both his listeners and his companions.

His person is as impressive as his personality, as would almost have to be the case. He is tall, with salt-and-pepper hair. His face is broad, his complexion florid, his mouth large and expressive, his eyes rather close together and deeply set and, like his hands, constantly in motion. He smokes either cigarettes (he has mastered the technique of holding them between his lips by the very tips) or cigars, large and intensely noticeable by their musky and rather oppressive odor. In neither case does he care in the least where the ashes go or what they do, likely because he feels that once the tobacco leaf has turned itself to ash there is nothing further it can do for him or he for it — an attitude, it need hardly be repeated, which he does not assume towards his students.

And lastly, though we mentioned that he is British, we neglected to say that he has a most powerful and noble British accent which, he has been told, becomes more and more distinctly British the longer he lives in America.

Smith's recruitment of faculty was handicapped in innumerable ways. First of all, there were no buildings, no real organization, and no students. Santa Cruz offered little security for prospective professors save for the words "Regents of the University of California" printed on paychecks. Secondly, the undertaking was a fanatically ambitious one. To accept a position at a school which proposed to offer the students a home and to exploit rather than ignore the generation gap and the hatred of *in loco parentis*, seemed atavistic. It went against the most obtrusive social trends of the twentieth century. Then there was the more subtle problem of the faculty being face to face with each other and with the undergraduates. The resultant fears were manifold: There was the fear of being revealed as ignorant; there was the fear of not being able to hide behind a relentless statistical grading system; there was the fear of misleading youth —

a misgiving which might have hounded them closely enough in a *large* university; there was the fear of being known by those from whom one may wish to detach oneself; and finally there was the fear of ruining one's career. (After all, there would be few opportunities for publication and research for a long time even if the venture succeeded, and if it failed, what would the resumé look like). Every professor who left his place to come to Cowell was taking a large risk; nor was he encouraged by his colleagues. One high-placed official at UCLA predicted that Page Smith would be back there in a year. But he was not, and most of the men he had asked to join him in his educational venture *did* take the risks. They bet their careers and their comfort on an idea, and they came to Cowell.

Why did they take this gamble? Some, of course, refused. For some the risks or fears were too great; for still others the plea of advanced age was tendered, allowing them to leave the venture to younger people. But many, most of those to whom positions had been offered, accepted. Again their reasons were manifold. Some wanted to make a change; low salary, bad feelings, lack of possibilities for advancement made it necessary. Some sought the comparatively mild climate of California; some came because UCSC offered adventure; some, one would like to think many, came because they believed in the idea, in the dream, and wanted to dedicate themselves to its realization. But most, maybe all of the faculty came because they were searching for a context, a place where their energies would be valuable, where materialism could be transcended, where their efforts to find or create meaning, in teaching and in life in general, could succeed. But whatever the specific reasons individuals had for coming, they all had one thing, one crucial and lasting thing in common. They were all willing to take the risk. They were all willing to wait for buildings, to face the students honestly, to grade pass-fail, to try to overcome their own personal fears in favor of a belief. This leap of faith, requiring more daring for some than for others, was taken by every teacher who appeared at UCSC that first year. That common leap, that common

risk which they all took, united them that first year as nothing else could have. And so, to a non-existent school, without curriculum, buildings, or students, a faculty had committed itself.

It will be seen how the pioneer aspects of trailer life added to the unity of students and their dedication to the community. As the trailers were for the students, so the Natural Sciences Buildings was for the faculty. Because the college buildings had not been completed, during that first year all the faculty offices were in this one building. There was no departmental segregation. Faculty members tended to befriend those whose offices were near their own, and so there were not only professional but neighborhood ties. One biologist, for example, found his office between that of an anthropologist and that of a psychologist, and has remained friendly with both ever since.

It is necessary to mention again that Cowell became and remains a place where people have come to transcend one of the tragedies of modern scholasticism. That is, that teaching has become a common profession, a job that people do to make money. There are unfortunately few people who delight in their work and do it with the attention and integrity it deserves. At Cowell there is an uncommon number of scholars whose work is their life and mission, and not just their career.

One of the most obvious examples of a man who loves his work is Maurice Natanson. The German professor of philosophy with a heavy beard and curved pipe is an image from nineteenth century Europe. Mr. Natanson revives and embodies this traditional stereotype, from his solid, square physique, to the great circles within circles within squares, pierced by arrows which he draws on the black board. "Our philosopher" is a Phenomenologist, whose approach to philosophy requires not only mastery of long and terrifying words, but an abundant amount of what is known as the "critical faculty." Mr. Natanson possesses both and is a sobering and settling influence not only on scatter-brained and wild-eyed students, but on young and excitable faculty as well. When Natanson is in the room everyone present

feels that he had better say what he wishes quickly or be quiet. It is this man, imposing and awesome, who represents the success of Cowell College in creating an atmosphere where one's work can be one's life, where occupation is as profoundly meaningful as living, for here they are rendered one.

It is true that lines of organization were formed with the influencial leadership of the senior fellows. That the organization was strict, or even clear, is not true. Never since the first years have the junior faculty members been as vocal about college affairs. Whether this is because they have since been whipped into place by their seniors or because there have been fewer of such vital issues as presented themselves during the first forming of the college is not clear. At any rate, most of the Humanities and Social Science Boards of Studies remained fairly egalitarian and flexible. Also, many of the "departments" were too small to be hierarchical. John Pierce, educated in Canada and England, the sole classics scholar, was also solus in terms of academic discipline. Richard Randolph and Robert Werlin, both young and newly out of graduate school themselves, had no senior fellow in their compound discipline of Sociology-Anthropology. Maurice Natanson brought only one philosopher with him, David Blumenfeld. Thus, there was no rule, no tradition, no standard to follow in terms of influence, status, academic forms. And partly because there was no form, the faculty developed naturally, viewing themselves clearly and not through the mist of prestige and tenure.

The brilliance of the first year's bonfire had to subside. However, it did not flicker and die. That is, no faculty member despaired that the experiment had failed; no one stalked off in disgust. No one believed either that Santa Cruz was as good as it could be or that it was even remotely as bad as it might have been. In these basic ways, the community, for the faculty, was not the utter failure that many outside the community thought it inevitably would be.

By the second year, when the college buildings were finished, the rules and by-laws nearly completed, the committees formed, the procedures set and the traditions be-

gun, a few faculty members began to recede from the community life. One or two of the faculty adopted intellectual positions far afield from those of most of their colleagues. They were not ostracized, but they themselves declined the large measure of involvement which had been theirs the previous year. Several (and this is likely the majority of those professors whom the students do not see as active members of the community) became more and more engrossed in the activities — joyful or dutiful — of their own areas of study. The few new additions to the faculty had arrived at a settlement, not a camp, and consequently had less of the pioneer spirit than the rest, if as much or more of the idealism. New faculty included Herman Blake, sociology doctoral candidate from Berkeley. Blake, one of the few faculty resident Preceptors, played a central role in the newly-awakening social conscience of the student community. Paul Lee, the former student and secretary of Paul Tillich at Harvard, was at Cowell for one year before the opening of his college, Crown. He endeared himself to his students by his hip style and his ability to probe philosophically with the students on a personal level. Those younger faculty members who still had doctoral theses to complete (and there were a good number more of these than Page Smith had surmised from the assurances he had had), and who, the first year, had to be so busy with starting and keeping alive the college that their dissertations were neglected, now took the time to finish them.

With the coming of the second year, the pioneer spirit had faded. Everyone, faculty, students, and administrators, though there were new and critical problems, nevertheless had the sense of increasing stability. There appeared to be much less need for immediate and unqualified cooperation, more time for other things. The community had been born; the danger was past; we could relax a bit now. This gave rise to a sense of security — or perhaps it was the other way around. In any case, all the little frailities of personality and community now began to show themselves. The "pioneers" were not quite so active or energetic as they once were; but, after all, the problems were now less dra-

matic. However, there were still threats, and they were insidious. If there were not now outside enemies or the elements to battle, there was habit, lack of iniative, bad faith, and sloth to fight. But the faculty which had dared to come to the non-existent school had, it now began to seem, dared not on a chance, but on a conviction. It was not enough to win the bet and last the year. They had left stability, it became apparent, not to recreate it, but to create a place of growth and change. Most pioneered, not to settle further west, but to make pioneering an occupation and habit.

The final, and ultimately the most important quality of the Cowell faculty, and that which bears witness to the success of the community venture, is that they themselves feel special. They feel a unique fellowship which distinguishes them from faculties of most other institutions. They feel perhaps a bit superior — as if they are good enough to deserve to be part of Cowell College, a community, and not simply a school. They feel (often to excess), that they have made it, arrived, that they are "where it's at." And they feel that they have a greater stake in Cowell than just that of salary. For they believe, nearly to the man, in education as personal dialogue. And that belief is what does and will make Cowell a true community, "dedicated to the pursuit of truth in the company of friends."

But the most dynamic part of a college community is the students, and Cowell College certainly would not really exist except in dreams until the students arrived. And people were dreaming different things. About one third of the faculty had spent their undergraduate careers at Ivy League colleges, including Yale, Harvard, Cornell, and Princeton. They remembered their own college days and were having a difficult time imagining a co-educational college in the Santa Cruz setting. Such feats of the imagination were too much to demand, so the new faculty relied mostly on Howard Shontz's statistical description of the incoming students. These statistics were interesting, and if one had a fertile mind, it was even possible to build a utopian community out of the little hunks of figures. The Chancellor had wanted to interview all prospective students, but, in the State of California in

1965, that was a wild and unrealistic hope. The selection had been done according to University-wide rules, which meant that the first 80% of enrollment was filled on a first-come-first-served basis from the top 12% of the high school graduates in California. The last 20% were selected by an elaborate point system devised to give students credit for musical, oratorical, literary, and political abilities and interests. What Howard Shontz finally came up with was a group of 17- and 18-year-olds, mostly student body presidents, high school magazine or newspaper editors, award winners, and valedictorians. About half the students came from the Los Angeles area, a third from the San Francisco Bay Area, a smaller contingent from Santa Cruz itself, and the rest from the larger or smaller towns scattered along the length of the state, with a few out-of-state students.

Cowell College, opening in the fall of 1965, saw the arrival of a wave of the hip, the straight, the radical and the apolitical. They poured into the old Cowell Ranch in September, 1965 — fresh, generally innocent, and very excited. It is amusing to look in retrospect at the first student directory, "the peek book" as it was named in the rumor-mongering small College. Row after row of pictures of the expectant, well washed, and eager people who composed what is inanely called "the student body." The 516 freshmen were joined by about 100 juniors who had transferred from various junior colleges. But, as is commonly known, junior colleges tend to be more like high schools than universities, and so it can easily be argued that none of the students that year knew what a university was or should be. Thus, the students had as few (or perhaps as many faulty) ideas of what to expect of UCSC as had the faculty and administration. This was most peoples' first lesson in the making of history, not because they had not made it before, but because previously they had been unconscious of shaping it by their own thoughts and actions. Now they were forced to start something nearly from scratch. They were as well aware of the possibilities for failure as of those for success. And their consciousness of making history forced them to realize that the venture must succeed.

One faculty member compares the first year at Cowell to the house-raising day of American Pioneers. Just as when, on a given day, all the members of a pioneer community would join in building a new house — the men cutting, stripping, notching and mounting logs, the women cooking — so the new members of Cowell in large measure dropped their personal concerns and worked together that first year to build Cowell College. In order to keep the roof beams from collapsing before they were properly supported by tradition, everyone had to help each other.

Perhaps a better metaphor for the first four years, considering the almost religious fervor of those original "pioneers," is that of a Pilgrim's Progress. Would the Cowellites reach Beulah, or would they bog down in the Slough of Despond — or worse yet, pitch camp in Vanity Fair?

William Merrill Scott, a member of that first class, writes about the first year's pilgrim camp:

"The idealists came to Santa Cruz, idealists of many shades decided to make their break in Santa Cruz. Romantic idealists, political idealists, social idealists, artistic idealists — these were the ones that made it to Cowell College in 1965. We came with two starter volumes each for our idealist's book collections — *Portrait of the Artist* and *Genealogy of Morals*. We were met at the gates by an English idealist, Jasper Rose, and found that the college was destined to be chaired by another idealist, Page Smith, and — frankly — there were too many idealists for anybody's satisfaction. The idealist likes himself best when he's the only bird of his kind.

"But, as we soon found out, birds of a feather flock together, and we had all flocked together to Santa Cruz, ideally for four fall, winter, and spring quarters together. It was no fun preening oneself with his high-mindedness here, and we all reacted the same way: we stopped preening. Our high school senior pictures were the last our parents were to see of us as their ideal children.

"Cowell certainly was no fashion showcase, and that pleased us well enough. We liked to think of the place as a summer camp. We dressed as if there was nobody to please but oneself. We tried, as best we could, to gain our balance

in one way or another with one shoe off and one shoe on. That is to say, we didn't really know how to dress, as we didn't quite know what to express; we didn't know what to express because we didn't know our ideals as well as we thought we did. Our ideals were clouded because, in the face of every other individual's ideals, they did not seem so much fun.

"In this respect, we had little guidance, little advice. None of us knew why our ideals had lost their meaning or value; we were simple freshmen, five hundred strong. We could not guide ourselves, much as one might wish to believe in the blind leading the blind. The faculty, such as it was, evinced no comprehension of our crumbling standards, although many recognized and encouraged the crumbling, on the grounds of existential courage. With a few notable exceptions, the most many professors seemed capable of was pointing in the direction to which we were already running.

"You want to do an experimental paper instead of a formal one? Fine idea, go ahead and see what you can do! You want to skip a few World Civilization readings and pick some books of your own choosing? Why not? The direction — or indirection — was clear, or seems so now. By faculty members' tacit refusal to assume responsibility for making definite recommendations to and firm demands of the freshman class, we were doomed to become headless horsemen, a community with two or three official leaders but with no real hierarchy of official or voluntary leadership. The scene came precariously close to that of the boys in *Lord of the Flies*, but, of course, we had girls.

"Out of fairness to our could-be instructors, we probably wouldn't have listened to them if they had told us to do anything other than what we already wanted to do. Maybe they did try to veer our paths, in ways too subtle for us to recognize then or remember now. The only wish is that if they did try to influence us, they had been more successful. Probably some of us could have found a few short-cuts. Probably most of us wouldn't have. We wanted to be lost when we were freshmen, at least for a while, and by and large, we succeeded.

"We idealistically resisted the formation of government on our property: The first grievance we had with the Chancelor was his recommendation that we not live in anarchy. We cheered those who spoke ominously of the dangers of student bureaucracy, of student officialdom, for they warned us it would lead to conformism and namelessness — we were always reminded that Cowell College and UCSC were to be different, unique, experimental. We were reminded, and presumed, that spontaneous decision-making would fill the bill.

"This beautiful notion was enforced when we learned who the striving political bosses were, and imagined what obnoxious leaders they might lead to be. In them there was much that reminded us of high school leaders, except ours had more complicated characters: Mixed in with espousals of altruism were unconscious expressions of cunning egotism and, in one or two cases, even of cultism. Worst of all, we all knew who they were, while they did not know all of us. Who would protest that there was widely-dispersed jealousy of our leaders' fame? Not that fame of that sort was difficult to achieve; one had only to join the newspaper staff or join one of the several student committees, and one seemed famous to those who were on the outside. Perhaps these "famous" student leaders lived unconscious that they were noticed, but that would have been hard to believe. Their names seemed so well known! As for our own — sometimes we even forgot to know them ourselves. In point of fact, probably most of us were famous in somebody's eyes."

3 That Great Dustheap Called History

They came in large bunches from San Francisco and its environs, from LA, which has no environs, and from the smaller towns and cities of California. A few came from out of state, mostly from Washington D.C. for some odd reason. They had to travel large distances to reach the new school; others only had to drive a few blocks.

"My mother and I drove to campus a week before it was to open. We stopped at a gas station and asked where the campus was, but the attendant didn't know. We looked for a couple of hours but we couldn't find it. So we went home."

One of the few students from the east coast spent his first night in a motel because he couldn't find a way to get to the campus; no one knew how to get him there. Alone, he thought nervously about the newspaper clippings he had received some months earlier. They told him virtually everything he knew about the University. Who had sent them really? Perhaps there wasn't a school at all, and the whole thing was a plot of W. R. Hearst's — designed to keep fledgling liberals out of the state.

For those who did find the Raintree, the signs of seclusion were immediately evident: A few circles of trailers and a copper-roofed Field House took up perhaps two acres out of two thousand. Turning into the campus one instantly passed from a suburb into ranchland, windy and serene. Cattle dotted the fields, grazing close to weathered shacks leaning up against the hills. It was quiet even in the trailer area, situated on a flat plain overlooking the Monterey Bay. The place was brown, somewhat desolate and almost forbiddingly quiet to the newly arrived students. There were no hallowed halls. The only ivy was poisonous.

The plant was a ranch, so it should be bucolic, right? But it was also supposed to be a Big U, so it should be modern. That first year it wasn't really either of those things. Instead

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it was a weird amalgam of sophisticated ideology covered with dust, a scruffy nascent utopia. The nature of the place was always changing, and that is what cripples any attempt at a quick analysis. But the first week of orientation is vivid enough to facilitate at least a cursory examination.

The woods and meadows were intensely attractive to the vast majority of citified students. In an orgy of exploration, levis replaced skirts, walking replaced the car. The rural, bordering on spartan, atmosphere caused some concern at first, but people quickly adjusted to this less urbane life. The trailer area was a constant shambles, all dust and lumber and pipe; the forest offered escape or a trysting place. The woods had patterns of light and shade that contrasted sharply with the beige monotony of a trailer's interior; the lack of living space could be forgotten in the vastness of the lower meadows. The upper meadows and redwood groves were still virgin, far removed from the skeletal buildings up the hill from the trailers — the uncompleted Cowell plant.

Pioneers or students, latent naturalists or confirmed city slickers, everyone shared a sense of involvement in this new project. Everyone also shared the realization that, for the most part, they were among strangers. Some people had high school chums to turn to, but the trailer arrangements were such that everyone would have to cope with strangers. In the vacuum of newness there was a real need to establish some sort of community that would give form and content to this rather unsettling new environment. Highschoolers, used to the crowded social life of adolescence, were now removed from the secure social network they had operated in. They felt the need for ties. But this was no longer high school, and a new system, a more mature one, had to be evolved. Page Smith's ideal of a self-contained community was quickly accepted by the students. It was a road to take. The first bonds of friendship, of involvement, of 'community spirit' had to come from, and in the TRAILERS.

The first time your feet crunched up the sloppy gravel path to the steps in front of the door — "Hope it's the right one; they all look so much alike." Scrape the feet on the mat, open the door (which seems to flex more than a little

in your hand), and peer cautiously inside. No dark animals, but there are forty people in there, and they're all looking at you. A later headcount will reveal that there were only six or seven people there to greet you, but the place was so small it looked like a much larger crowd. In the trailer, everyone always would feel slightly outsized, an untiny Alice in a shrunken world. You drop your suitcases full of ties or party dresses and introductions are made. You get the feeling you're a newcomer being introduced to a bunch of old buddies. They've known each other for two days. "We'll have your mattress back quickly, Pete lent it to his girlfriend." Girlfriend? In two days? They tell you where the bathrooms are and watch the expression on your face as you see THOSE WALLS for the first time — fake marble, swirls of plastic white on gold it is; even the shower has sold out. It is plastic. The single bathtub is already filled with skis, ironing boards, boxes, suitcases (full of never to be used ties and party dresses), and surfboards. You get half a closet that is impossible to reach because a desk is in the way, and the top bunk because you got there last, and yes, a plastic desk with a plastic chair. Someone did as well as they could with the limited space, but at best it could only be described as 'cosy.'

Thoughts of privacy are immediately dismissed; one resignedly realizes that this is truly compact living. There is a sign at the start of Tintero Street (the main, and only, drag) that reads: Mobile Home Estates. This can't really be IT you think; there aren't any signs of a school. Nice scenery, a bunch of kids, and a place to eat . . .

You change clothes since slacks and dresses obviously aren't big here, and you trundle off in the direction of the Natural Sciences building which, according to a popular rumor, exists. It is a very long walk as you follow the occasional sign through the groves and ravines, and at the last, up a very steep hill. Out of breath you regard the building's bulk with some assurance — it is the first real evidence of a school that you have seen. Inside, it looks as if someone had finished it about five minutes before you got there; it smells of paint and sawdust and putty. It is like

the corridor in a ship — windowless and several hundred feet long, with ceilings of multicolored pipe. The place is humming to itself. Across a brick and cement plaza (christened the Mycenaean Handball Court by Mary Holmes) there is a smaller building that houses the two lecture halls. They too are without windows, but the seats are plushy. It is time for lunch, so you and your stomach return to the dining hall with the basketball court markings on the floor.

The first days were spent getting familiar with the setting, the people, the events. It was a wild and hectic time, full of enthusiasm for the new and the interesting. The overwhelming impression was one of energy and ebullience, mostly on the part of the students. The faculty were not so blessed with blithe good cheer. For many this represented the culmination of years of work and planning. If it did not work, their heads would be on the chopping block. The students were aware of the attention that was centered on themselves, but this only added to their feeling of uniquity. This was liberation from twelve often boring years of bush league education. Still, the patterns of thought and behavior were modeled on high school lines — or in response to high school. Freedom to run about and be foolish. That was all part of the good time feeling. Aware of the attention lavished on themselves, it was only a short step to assuming that it was the students calling the shots. On the other hand, the faculty expected the students to behave according to their own preconceived notions. They were hoping for a specific kind of concern. Both groups were foolish; both were bound to be disappointed. But in those first weeks the events were in the fore, the true center of attention.

One of those events was orientation week. The students had come armed with their mail clippings and press releases in little manila folders — clippings like the *San Francisco Chronicle's* article entitled 'Think Tank in the Redwoods.' They brought with them the summer's reading list — Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* Nietzsche's *Geneology of Morals,* Oscar Lewis' *Children of Sanchez.* This rather heavy reading list (at least for someone who, a few months before, had only been required to read "Lenningen and the

Ants") was the first evidence of the rather heavy intellectual atmosphere planned by Cowell's optimistic faculty. The students dove into the think tank before they even had a chance to plunge into the bay.

Curious things in that curious place, certain oddities of character became obvious. Pete S. was scrambling about the campus on his motorcycle on one of those days. The Chancellor, who was standing around talking to a Kampus Kop, noticed this young fellow bellowing up and down the campus. As Pete whipped by, the Chancellor ordered a rather startled officer to "Catch that motorcycle." The poor officer was forced to chase, on foot, the wily and powerful Honda. Eventually the prey was run to ground, and a vainly protesting student was given a citation for the violation of something or other. There was some justice in all this, though . . . The Chancellor was incensed at all things motorcycle because of something that had happened a few days before. The Regents had come to confer with McHenry in his office on the second floor of the Central Services building. The Second floor is completely surrounded by an open walkway that can be reached via a gently rising footpath. It was while this meeting was in progress that Pete and some other motorcyclists decided to do some scrambling on the walkway. The Regents were treated to a concert of several minutes duration. After blipping their engines one last time, the cyclists escaped down the campus, unapprehended. This caused the Chancellor (justifiably) to wax wroth. Pete's later capture at least appeased Justice, if no one else.

High spirits and hi-jinks were the most obvious styles of student behavior in that week before classes started. In retrospect, it was also the least admirable aspect of the group. Probably the most mindless exhibition, and remembered by many students with uneasiness, occurred on the first weekend. The trailers were arranged in wheels of eight, each trailer being a spoke in the wheel. At the center of this wheel was the dusty hub, which contained a telephone booth and several fire extinguishers. One night the extinguishers were used in a water fight, with some twenty of them being emptied. This resulted in a rather startled letter from the

Provost, who informed them that the money to refill them would have to come from student funds. This, perhaps, marked the first twinge of conscience on the part of the body politic. But a few more incidents of such petty caliber were to occur before the student body attained somewhat more polished modes of behavior. It was not the time for complexity.

Probably the largest, and certainly the most noticeable adolescent fantasy was firecrackers. The veteran Cowell student now shudders at the thought of the colossal and silly atrocities that would finally lead to a blunder so gross that it put an end to the whole *idylle explosive.* Firecrackers, tool of the mentally lame, who derive semi-erotic pleasure from the loud BANG that scares the hell out of the victim. Wow, it's so funny; slap the knee and guffaw. Later these reformed mad bombers would learn from their Freudian professors that they were expressing rebellion against a paternalistic overfigure. From Sociologists they would learn that they were simply engaged in out-group behavior, expressed in socially unaccepted but nonetheless socially structured behavior. American History would reveal that even the Founding Fathers were drunk all the time, and that rowdyism was as American as chewing gum. Marxist-Leninists (Rafferty's Commie-Pinkoes) would say that it was an example of an oppressed class breaking its chains (which is applied Physics). Art would see firecrackers as a medium of expression ("suspended poignantly between stasis and Redon's *The Dream* . . . "). But nobody knew that stuff in those days; some firecracker enthusiasts just happened to enjoy it. Most students felt that it offended the dignity they had formed about three days before. The faculty was shocked.

Cherry bombs rocked the campus; beer cans soared into the air on firecracker boosters (after the contents had been carefully emptied); M-80's wreaked havoc in the trailers. The situation culminated during one of the early Town Hall meetings in the Field House. The discussion was of the form student government was to take; the exact subject was "student responsibility." Larry Lemke, an articulate defender

of student maturity, was speaking on behalf of the students when the dull boom of an M-80 interrupted him in midsentence as its famous 'rolling thunder' sound washed about the walls of the Field House. The diabolical bomb has exploded only yards away. Larry continued bravely enough, but the student image was destroyed.

The destruction was completed a few moments later when a distinguished member of the faculty rose to speak. Karl Lamb, formerly of Yale and a Rhodes scholar, gravely and unintentionally opened with these words: "Well, at a *real* school . . . " He stopped instantly, then quickly resumed. But the remark was noticed, and it expressed a deep underlying concern of the faculty. This was the point when students as a group realized it was time to quit playing around in such juvenile ways; it was the death of the high school's influence. In taking this new maturity to heart, students quickly developed an abhorrence of behavior similar to that which might be found, say, at any fraternity, USC, and most of Stanford. The fellow who set off that bomb (and we know who you are!) probably did more good than harm. He put a timely end to insipidness.

So far a less than flattering picture has been painted of the student body. Firecrackers and empty fire extinguishers symbolized the rather childish extreme, but a defense could be made. One might regard the hazing of Plebes by the Patricians (beg pardon — upper classmen) at the nation's military academies, or one's gaze might pass with some apprehension over the sight of a pledgie eating raw liver. One might regard a junior college and see nothing. Freed from high school and put on his own, one could easily overindulge in rather sophomoric behavior. The events to come showed a remarkable internal process wherein certain communal values were formed — and adhered to.

Before we pass from this first week, there is one incident to relate that needs no apologies, an example of high spirits without the ugly overtones of juvenility. It also involved some remarkably unstuffy behavior on the part of (certain) faculty members — a quality sometimes rare in that group on other campuses.

A party occurred early which prompted this rather unacademic behavior. A fairly large number of students had managed to acquire a bus that was lent to some fast talking students by the university, a beach (at night), and a large quantity of beer (drinking was the only form of sin in those days). The personnel boarded the bus and went to the beach, where they were having a perfectly good time. Meanwhile, in another part of town, the faculty were having their own party, unaware of their wards' activities.

Jasper Rose remembers it well: "We were all having a merry time when I received a phone call from a rather elderly lady."

"Some of your students are down at the beach. Do you know what they're doing?"

"No, madam, I assure you I don't. Whatever one does at the beach, I suppose . . . "

"At night? Listen, they're drinking, and . . . "

"And what?"

"You know . . . "

Whether Jasper knew or not has never been ascertained; he never left his cigar and sherry to find out. The lady we can't speak for. We do know that she decided to bring in the authorities, and the police were summoned. The beach was raided, thus assuring the festivities a place in Cowell's mythology. After the criminals were rounded up, the chief of police placed a phone call (at an ungodly hour) to Page Smith informing the recuperating Provost that a large number of under-aged inebriates were under arrest and would be please come down? The Provost drove down in his aging Magnette and surveyed the cream of Cowell youth. He managed to convince the sheriff that it was a University sponsored event and that it was simply an oversight that 90% of the participants had not attained their majority. Somewhat mollified, the sheriff allowed the students to be released. The rest of the early morning hours were spent getting the bus loaded and rounding up errant students. The less ambulatory participants were taken home in the Magnette, with a brief stop to pick up the now familiar Pete S. who was skateboarding back to campus with a ladyfriend.

Some academicians would have left their wards to pay for their own sins. Page Smith was unwilling to leave his people in the lurch, though it meant that the fabric of truth and somber respectability were somewhat strained. He became part of this little adventure by his involvement, and his actions were not unnoticed by the students. On other occasions there would be differences of opinion, but his sincerity and concern were made obvious that madcap evening.

The Cowell enterprise was to be a shared experience, and nowhere was that sharing more evident than in the trailers. As the notion of *patrie* was the conceptual nucleus around which the Roman Empire was formed, so the trailers were to Cowell. They formed the microcosm from which the ideals would come, after been modified by the reality of the environment. The plans, hopes and expectations of the college's founders had been formed in a vacuum. They would inevitably be modified in their application. The trailers were the milieu. They would brand the Cowell ideal with their own unique style.

Almost everything you did or learned that year was done with or through your trailer-mates. Often as not you ate dinner with them, went to the library together, drank together, borrowed each other's books. You talked, studied, fought, and went mad together.

A visiting parent would feel terribly alien as he walked into a son or daughter's trailer. The place would be crammed with people and what appeared, at first glance, to be total squalor. Further reflection would tempt one to think that this was just where the trash was dumped; surely no-one lived here. The four beds alone hinted at the true nature of this weird place. But how could anyone live in this morass of books, newspapers, objects favorite or found, neatly typed file cards with memorable quotes, posters (a red white and blue star spangled poster reading F--K COMMUNISM), lists of school events, radios, clocks, boots, levis, playing cards, popcorn, flowers, large dirtclods, and towels.

How could anyone live here? Through accommodation and rather severe self-restraint. If you took a shower and used up all the soap, you didn't have to leave another bar. But

then the next bather would be thoroughly soused before discovering the absence of soap. You might have to type until five a.m., but you would go to the Field House to do it so that your roommates would be able to sleep. Ideally, the typist's roommates would not even have to ask him to leave; he would do it automatically. The cardinal rule in the trailers was not to interfere in someone else's rights and privileges by overindulging in your own. A mutual, balanced control had to be exercised by everyone. Although unwritten this was the most binding rule in the college.

Inevitably, though, your mates would develop quirks they were not aware of. The problem was how to adapt to these habits without going mad. Subterfuge was probably the favorite method for dealing with this problem. If Mike snores at night you tie a string to his toe and occasionally yank it. If your girlfriend leaves dirty clothes lying about the trailer, you put them under her pillow. If someone was blatantly unconscious of these social demands he would be subjected to a great deal of pressure from his immediate peers. The transgressor would be harassed or left very much alone. He would be more than just a friendly rival in debate. His less harmful idiosyncracies would become the butt of jokes (both in front of and behind his back). The end result would be that he would change his behavior or, more frequently, leave the trailer or even the campus. One fellow who was rather unbearable was so harassed that he left school in the middle of the quarter, was drafted, and was last heard of in Vietnam . . .

Another case was that of a young man (who was eventually removed from the University because of certain psychotic tendencies — acute paranoia, a penchant for knives, and a list of thirteen prospective female victims) whose roommates were forced to the rather raw extreme of transferring all of his possessions to an unoccupied end of the trailer. His drawers were pulled out and placed in the corresponding slots in the other end, his mattress was transferred without one wrinkle being misplaced, his clothes were rehung in order, and his shoes were neatly arranged under his new bed. When he returned, his former roommates politely

inquired as to why he had entered through the wrong door. From then on everyone, including the victim, acted under the assumption that he had always been at the other end, which probably did his brain no good.

Such actions were often harsh and cruel, but they were inevitable in such a close environment. Despite the difficulties of compact living many friendships were formed that were incredibly enduring. These ties would last through the first four years of Cowell, as would the aura of the trailers. Both would be essential to the notion of community.

We have set down an impression of the first few weeks of the college, and we have briefly examined the idea and basis of community as far as Cowell is concerned. The rest of the year might be viewed as regularly patterned and smoothly flowing. This is probably a lie, but it is a convenient one. We shall talk about the patterns of the remainder of the year, excluding specific events on the grounds that they are sports (biologically speaking, that is) and are therefore irrelevent to the discussion. To keep it from getting too dull, however, we'll occasionally forget this convenient lie, as stated, and a pleasant conceit.

Scholarship, oddly enough, was part of the Cowell experience. World Civilization was taking up a great deal of the students' time and energy. This subject will be more thoroughly covered later on. Its importance here is the form it gave to the pattern and rhythm of life at Cowell. An hour and a quarter lecture was delivered two mornings a week by William Hitchcock. The lectures began at 9:30 and continued until 10:45 or so. Following this, most students had an eleven o'clock at Natural Sciences. This was a rather stiff walk since there were only fifteen minutes to get from the Field House to Nat. Sci., guarded, as you may remember, by an extremely steep hill. A few minutes before eleven a visitor might have seen the rather unusual sight of three or four hundred students in a tightly knit mass marching up this hill, flanked by cavalry — brilliant and dashing young men mounted on racing bicycles. At first glance it would appear that this was machine education for sure, a regular platoon of students striding forth in sensible low heeled Tom

McCann shoes and longish skirts, in neatly creased trousers and close-cropped hair, striding forth in unison, perfectly in step. Hardly. A closer look would reveal that this rather motley group was moving together just because they felt like it. They were rather pleased to be with each other in their rather ornate sloppiness.

One would attend class until 12:15, sitting in a white, featureless room with few (if any) windows. If you were in one of the lecture halls the seats would be comfortable, but the air would be somewhat thick. In the smaller rooms one could gaze up and watch things float through the clear plastic pipes. It was in any one of these rooms that your World Civ. seminar would be held, quiet classes almost inundated by the susurations of that great mechanism. Five minutes before class would be over, students would start gathering up books, first quietly and then with increasing noise until the professor, drowned out, would dismiss an already disappearing class. And then the rush. Students would not go back down that hill in a majestic phalanx of ongoing studentdom. Instead, it would be a mad race to see who would get to the lunchline first. It was desperate and it was fast. Those who were on foot could take the paths, which were shorter than the roads the bicyclists had to use. But the only way to beat the bikes was to run all the way to the Field House. A fast runner could cover the distance in 3½ minutes. Bicyclists would go down the hill so fast that they would be unable to negotiate the curve at the bottom and crash. There were several severe injuries and countless near misses.

All of the energy expended in these wild dashes was for some purpose. This purpose was to be first to the Field House — first so that you would have enough time to eat and then get back up that hill for one o'clock classes. Getting to lunch late meant a fifteen minute wait in line. By the time you got your little tray you would have fifteen minutes to eat *and* walk back up to Nat. Sci. Since it took fifteen minutes to walk back up (especially with a too full stomach), one obviously had a problem. Eventually a 'solution' was found. If you could rouse yourself for breakfast you could go to a

special stand that had materials for making sandwiches. Thus, you could eat at Nat. Sci. with plenty of time to savor your bologna sandwich and tangerine. This wasn't such a bad deal since the only alternative was to eat the hot lunch, which wasn't so hot, really. The meals were catered by Saga Food Service. Mottos applied to them included, "EVERY MEAL A SAGA OF UNTOLD HEROISM," illustrated, suitably enough, by the photograph of a bovine *derriere*, and " EVERY MEAL A SAGA OF HUMAN SUFFERING." The meals certainly formed an integral part of student life. It was virtually the only thing to do with an evening. Besides, it served as an excellent subject upon which to practice the art of logical criticism. Many philosophy students were teethed on such heady fare.

But back to class — no need to carp over things past. Our typical student had more classes in the afternoon, but there would still be time for surfing, vollyball, or soccer. The golden evenings after the less than golden meal would convey a sense of peace and vastness as the sun bloodily died in the skies that lay at Cowell's feet, just the other side of Fanny Hill.

Thursdays the meal arrangement was somewhat different, for we would have College Night. Each week one trailer cluster would be volunteered to serve dinner to the collected students and faculty. It would be a dress affair (shoes and socks, perhaps a tie) with an elaborate timetable of dinner, notes from the Provost, and then a guest speaker. This occasional dash of civility kept students in touch with the world of fashion. God knows they never learned their fashion from their superiors, who dressed as though they were expecting another Depression momentarily. The most obvious bad dressers on campus were our Englishmen, who were all uniformed in unpressed shirts, half undone ties with small, permanent knots, untied scuffed shoes, baggy trousers, and cigarette burns on their fuzzy tweed jackets.

If the Field House was a semblance of elegance on Thursday nights, it was not so the rest of the week. It was a continuous (and simultaneous) Study-hall, gambling den, and jam session, a place where the *Divine Comedy* was in-

extricable from the slapping of trump suits. It was where groggy-eyed breakfasters were jolted to awareness by the wails of a rock group, or where diners would stay til nine or ten p.m. conversing over the gnawed bones of dinner. It was the center of entertainment on campus, its only rival was the lecture hall at Nat. Sci.

Nat. Sci. was the campus cultural center. It was there that films were shown, dramatic readings held, or debates debated. The most popular form of entertainment, of course, was the movie. It was cheap to see a movie (50 to 75 cents), and that was just about the only thing to do. And it allowed someone the opportunity to play critic, godlike, before an awed proletariat. The following is typical of the many circulars then current.

Yes! The club that brought you a thousand thrills throughout the year now brings you its biggest thrill, "M." I detect a note of apprehension from you. Am I to assume that you doubt the sincerity and honesty of my claim? Are you, a member of the ignorant, uninformed public, challenging the validity of calling the event the biggest thrill of the year? If so you should be ashamed. "No," you say, "it's just that the Psychology Club is sponsoring it." Aha! You think we have some preposterous farce in store for you, another upside-down film. Ah yes, you have a good memory. However, since that dreadful night, our film coordinator has been replaced by a Harvard-bound, young, starry-eyed intellectual who guarantees the quality of all future Psychology Club films. Yes, all you doubting skeptics can rest assured that this film is a winner. Quoting extensively from the film catalogue, I address your attention to the following:

> There hasn't been a new film in years with this visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all it has, caught in a terrible manhunt, a small puffy screaming monster, the child murderer, interpreted by Peter Lorre with something rare — a speck of genius.

Enough of this nonsense! Film catalogues are notorious for

their lies. However, in this case . . . it is also a lie. Since I haven't seen the film either it would be unethical to recommend a film which I haven't seen, but go anyway. You really don't care if the film is lousy, which it isn't, all you really want is an excuse for another mid-week date. Well, here it is. So go on, call up some girl at the last minute in the true Santa Cruz tradition, and ask her to go to the movie with you. If girls are reading this, which is likely as we put this in their mailboxes as well, call up a boy. They'll be so flabbergasted that they won't even think of refusing. This friendly letter has not fulfilled its purpose, but most letters are never read so it really doesn't make much difference what I'm saying. So be a good sport and go see the damn movie. For the intellectuals there is the extra added attraction of a panel discussion with several gifted members of our learned faculty. Wow!

DRUGS (grass leads to H which leads to coke which leads to social irresponsibility) and SEX (Billy Graham tells us that 67% of all promiscuous women get cancer) are areas of great concern for people outside the realm of higher education. Within that area the two are sometimes regarded with distress and concern, but without (at least at Santa Cruz) the hysterical/sensationalistic overtones common in the outer world of Vietnam, bluecollar workers, specious logic (most heroin addicts drink milk; does milk therefore lead to addiction?), and misinformation. In another chapter we shall talk about drugs. For now we will talk about dalliance.

From the start a rule was in effect that stated that no-one would be allowed in trailers peopled by members of the opposite sex. It was reasoned by the school's planners that there was already such a close proximity between the two groups that the least loosening of UC regulations would lead to the total loss of any shreds of privacy that remained in the crowded trailers. This was fairly sound reasoning, as it was hard to do more than sit or stand in the trailers. However, some students still wanted to be able to try the impossible, and they felt that the decision was prudish in origin.

This, too, was fairly sound reasoning. The University felt it had at least partly to take the place of the parents as moral guiding lights — *in loco parentis*. Students were not expected to answer only to themselves. They had to act under the paternalism of the benign University. Compared to many other schools the intervisitation rules were very lenient. There were no set times when one had to be in and no housemothers. One could spend a weekend away from the campus without having to fill out a notarized statement. The only real commandment from on high was to stay in the proper trailer. Failure to obey this rule could (and did) lead to suspension or dismissal.

This was a fairly light restriction since, as one member of the faculty pointed out, there were two thousand acres of land available; the imaginative student need face few obstacles. While both sides had a point, each refused to listen to the other. The problem became a moral issue. Faculty members (in varying degrees) supported a standard moral credo; the students saw it as an ideological question and took morality down to its basic ethical roots. (Ethics was then a popular class and caused many students to get lost in the intricacies of moral dilemma — the question of sexual morality gave them a chance to do field work on the subject and work out those intricacies. Also, that particular problem held their interest more readily than the burning question: "Is altruism possible?"). Both the attack and defense of the rule were spirited, and the question was carried over into the area of student government (where students also demanded control over their own affairs). Eventually, a compromise was offered by the administration that allowed three hours of intervisitation, not much of a concession since each of the three times students could choose included meal hours.

The most unfortunate aspect of the whole affair resulted from a letter from Page Smith, who was trying to establish some sort of perspective:

Dear Cowell Students:

Colleges are often criticized these days for failing to establish proper standards of behavior. All colleges have

rules and most colleges make an attempt, however fitful, to enforce them. But rules . . . are standards by fiat. This letter is intended not to promulgate rules but to put forth a set of assumptions about student behavior.

One of the warmest controversies of the day is over the matter of pre-marital sex relations. I feel bound to state my views as directly as possible. They can be briefly stated: the sex act is the most complex and precarious (and personal, despite Shaw) of all human relationships. Just as it is potentially the most rewarding, it can also be the most damaging. Entered into carelessly or casually, it can have devastating effects on the individuals involved. That is why all societies have surrounded the sexual relationship with moral codes or taboos of various kinds. These are testimony to the importance of ordering and defining the relationship in such a way as to protect both the individuals and the community of which they are a part. The sexual relationship needs the support, the nourishment, and the stability that marriage provides.

The implications of this fact — that a sexual relationship is the most demanding and sensitive of all our relationships — for a college community seem to me to be as follows: The responsible members of such communities, including faculty, administration, and students, should strive to create an environment where the opportunities for students to be involved in sexual relationships with which they may be too inexperienced to cope are minimal. The college or university (in my view) has no obligation to provide the facilities for such relationships, but has a positive obligation to discourage them as much as possible on the grounds not of morality, since morality is variously interpreted, but on the basis of experience and common sense and in the name of the community as a whole. This does not mean that the community undertakes to act as censor; it means rather that the community tries to strike a reasonable balance between freedom and its own good order.

The matter of sexual behavior is obviously complicated. I have no thought of suggesting that I have the wit or inclination to speak the last word on the subject. I am sure,

however, that it needs to be thought about and talked about because it is related in the most direct way to one's whole view of life and is thus, in the deepest sense, a vitally important part of the educational process. Not to give it our best thoughts and serious attention would be to leave it to fashion, to caprice and personal whim, to misunderstanding and abuse, to superficial and uninformed notions, to immature and hazardous experimentation, which, by and large, is where it presently rests.

A family whose members show no consideration for each other is no better than a pack of animals; indeed much worse, since we have every reason to expect better of it. The same is true of any group that has the power to be a living community. This latter is, as you know, my principal ambition for Cowell.

The letter's origin was clear; it stemmed from Page Smith's sincere concern, and was not intended as a manifesto (though he wanted very much that it would be heeded). Students in their heat were at first apt to look at it as paternalistic and moralizing and an example of how they were misunderstood. But this feeling of being misunderstood was to be nothing compared to that which Page Smith must have felt when the letter got into the hands of the press. The letter, with passages quoted out of context, was touted as an exposé of scandalous behavior on the part of undergraduates. The San Jose *Mercury* first ran the story under the headline: "Sex and Bare Feet," a title which conveyed a less than accurate picture of life at Cowell. Eventually news agencies would carry the story all the way to the Washington *Star*.

The reaction from the student body was swift. At the next College Night a spontaneous burst of affection and support for the Provost tumbled from the audience. Even his antagonists saluted him with placards: " Page Si! Press No!" There were still disagreements with some of his opinions (four years later he himself has revised much of his thinking) but much of the rabidness was gone. This was an emo-

tionally charged time for the community. It was probably the most visibly imminent catastrophe the college faced that year.

Eventually, the passing of time, as it so often does at Cowell, cooled and then killed the issue. It is no longer a prominent concern of the campus. We are now left with the somewhat amused perspective of a calmer time. It is pleasant to recall that the brouhaha resulted in the Establishment latching onto Page Smith as some sort of saviour of the college ghetto, freshly arisen from the hotbed of commie left-wing perverts — The U. of Cal. This new white hope was invited to have his letter (and further new material in the same vein) reprinted in such august organs as: *The Reader's Digest, Watchtower, Plain Truth,* etc. The Provost, who is anything but Establishment (he has credentials that would make a Savio blush) was rather astonished at this new phenomenon, and quickly turned down the position of dooms-cryer.

There were many other near disasters that year, concealed beneath the placid surface of student self-confidence and cheerful ignorance. Many were of such a nature that we feel it is too soon to include them in the present history. Such monumental occurences need the soft erosion of time and subterfuge. The faculty constantly felt they were struggling with a many-headed Hydra which threatened to devour them all. Before school had started the first disaster had struck: The buildings had not been completed in time, and would not be ready. The decision to go ahead anyway was a harrowing one, for it meant that there would be little time to prepare to meet the new circumstances. The wager was taken, and the first year was spent waiting to see if the gamble would pay off. Most of the headaches resulted from that decision, but the problems were never as major as the victories. Somehow things managed to stay on an even keel. But still, things cropped up: There was not enough space for everyone in the trailers, so a house in town had to be hastily procured to house the otherwise homeless students. Mattresses for the whole campus were mysteriously

abandoned on a railroad siding in Texas; they arrived after the students.

In the atmosphere of snarls and chaos, confusion was always on the verge of breaking out. Jasper Rose, while planning the first culture break, constantly experienced a feeling of impending doom, a final and calamitous ending which was avoided. The effects would have been as disastrous for him as for the school. Page Smith, of course, reecived a great deal of the burden. At one point his administrative assistant Sarah Hogan offered the Provost, in a moment of compassion, a bottle of bourbon. Kept in his desk drawer, it was occasionally consulted in times of crisis. Others, not knowing the nature of its acquisition, feared that the Provost had turned to the bottle and was starting the long slide to dissolution and disgrace.

Professors untrained in Western Civilization were called upon to teach of Greeks and Romans. College administrative personnel languished in small cells, where they suffered a plague of the most diverse types of problems. The Senior Preceptors, Betsy Avery and Jasper Rose, dealt with school problems, faculty problems, and student problems, yet their offices were small and only partially partitioned — a definite problem at times when privacy was essential. During the second quarter they finally received their very own trailers in which to carry on their work. The seemingly small thing of having one's own office was a major achievement that first year. Rose was vastly pleased that he at last had a door. He was observed smiling with delight as he touched the doorknob to his White Elephant. In those days it was very important to everyone to have a trailer.

4 World Civilization

Page Smith, in his preliminary charter for Cowell College, stated that the "initial charge of the faculty of Cowell is to develop a 'distinguished program in the liberal arts which challenges traditional habits of teaching and curricular organization.' " Such a program would act as an intellectual wick around whose core a viable intellectual community could congeal. World Civilization was to become just such a core program, an intellectual guiding light of Cowell College.

Being itself indicative of the organic growth of Cowell College over its first four years, the World Civilization program was not created from the dust full grown, rather it evolved, nay, lurched onward slowly. Under the retrospective light of different perspectives, World Civ., as it is known at Cowell, reflects a varied spectrum — from brilliant success to abysmal failure. To follow the development of the program from the start, and to convey some sense of the impact this intellectual enterprise has had on both faculty and students, let us briefly return to Cowell's first year as remembered by that year's student veterans.

It all started early on the morning of October 4, 1965. Five hundred freshmen and faculty members came streaming into the Field House to attend the first lecture of a course called World Civilization. The Dining Hall, alias 'Field House', was magically transformed into a lecture auditorium by the presence of awakening students, notebooks, and poised pens. As William Hitchcock mounted the wooden platform at the far end of the room, quiet descended upon the audience.

Before us stood the man who was to lead us on an excursion through western civilization — its history, philosophy, literature, politics, and social thought. He was middle aged, of medium height and with a sturdy build and light brown hair. As he gazed calmly up into empty

space he seemed to be reading the past. His voice, steady and flowing, was interrupted occasionally with a chuckle over some point of humor, or with a pause or clearing of the throat to signal a leap in time on his pursuit of fact and theory. While lecturing he captivated the audience, he himself inspired by the intricacy and vastness of the history he was so dramatically unfolding.

Our first lecture contained a description of the outline and nature of the course. There would be no 'text book', more extensive reading in sources with focusing on particular authors, a stress on English composition in seminars, and a comprehensive examination at the end of the three quarters. Mr. Hitchcock also expressed some of the ideals of the program. It was to be a return to general education and a source of common communication between students and faculty. The role of the lectures, he pointed out, was to provide a supplement to, not a rehash of, the reading material. Then, after comparing our pioneering class at Cowell to the hero of *The Magic Mountain*, he ended the lecture on a note of caution. Like Mann's protagonist we were about to go down the drains! Cowell College's unique course had begun.

We were all quite enthusiastic after the first lecture. Imagine, only one exam and that at the end of the third quarter! Why, we had all sorts of time to read and think. It wouldn't be too difficult, we thought. But then again, look at the reading list! By my calculations we had to read a book a week just to finish by the end of the year. Of course, we didn't in every case have to read the whole book, often just selections. So the whole of the freshman class started off reading Kitto's *The Greeks*, and for the first week and a half — or maybe even two or three for the sluggards — everyone carried that book around with him like the Bible (which itself was farther down on the reading list.) Kitto's book was the "first on a list of thirty-two," as some students were wont to remind their fellows. Thus lectures and the reading began, accompanied by nascent student enthusiasm. The students were at no loss to pick up the spirit of Provost Page Smith's comment, quoted during

the first year in the Santa Cruz newspaper, the *Sentinel*: "It is hoped that at Cowell the fun, surprise and delight of learning can be emphasized."

But, as if reading and lectures weren't enough for a course, we still had seminars to fit into our daily schedule and intellectual framework. The seminars were planned with the aim of helping students digest the material of the course. Students were not always convinced of their desirability, however. Not only did we have to hike half a mile up to the Nat. Sci. building for the seminars, but our happy huge group was split up into groups of twenty or so, destroying the academically uniform community experience at 'Camp Cowell'. Most upsetting was the fact that the seminars supplied us with a new set of ideas to deal with for the year. Our seminar leaders were professors from every discipline. Consider taking ancient history from a biologist. One faculty member wrote at the end of the first quarter: "I had some initial feelings of diffidence when I decided to handle a seminar which was to be geared this year (1965-66) exclusively to the study of Western Civilization . . . Once the seminar started functioning, whatever initial misgivings I might have had disappeared quickly, and I found myself as much engrossed as the students, if not more. I cannot speak accurately for other members, but I do believe they had some of both."

As we compared seminar experiences with our newly found friends, we began to realize that the emphasis within the seminars would vary as widely as the disciplines the professors represented. It was also discovered that some seminars demanded less from the students in the way of written work than did others. The common experience of World Civ. only existed insofar as the lectures and the reading were structured by one man, William Hitchcock, and insofar as we all attended the same weekly art lecture.

Yes, the plan did not cease with this tripartite exposure to western civilization. Art plays a great role in the story of a culture, so we also attended art lectures once a week. This was a rather special weekly event since, because of the lack of a large auditorium able to shut out enough light to

permit daytime slide viewing, we attended our art lectures on Wednesday night in the remarkably versatile Field House. During Cowell's first year, a coed being asked out some Wednesday evening might find herself ending up listening to a scintillating slide lecture on ancient Mesopotamian bug-eyed figurines.

As on Monday and Friday mornings, Wednesday night would find the Field House transformed into a lecture hall, but this time our lecturer was Mary Holmes, not William Hitchcock. Mary Holmes, first known to students as the anti-Nietzschean, anti-superwoman of the first week's debate, conducted her symphony of slides with bravura, charm, and wit, and always with penetrating insight calculated to arouse even the dullest student's empathy. Needless to say, these lectures added aesthetic depth to the World Civ. experience by providing a visual evaluation of the western world set in an historical perspective.

Just about as soon as we became accustomed to all the facets of World Civ., the quarter was over. It was most comforting to realize that when we returned for our second quarter at Santa Cruz, World Civ. and all its components would be waiting to carry on. And sure enough, Mr. Hitchcock was there destroying high school platitudes and hypothesizing upon the history of the western world, as he had done the first quarter. But this time we were not new to the game — having had a quarter of experience behind us. So, when he told us that Western Civilization was made up of two heritages, the first being Greco-Roman and the second Judeo-Christian, we were at least capable of understanding in some detail what he meant by a Greco-Roman civilization. His hypothesis that all cultural periods after the classical are only modifying the classical (i.e., Western philosophy consists of footnotes to Plato) could be elaborated on during the last two quarters of our Freshman year precisely because the first quarter had been devoted to exposing us to that classical heritage — its art, literature, and philosophy.

Also, it wasn't until the second quarter that students and faculty really became accustomed to the variety within the World Civ. program. The faculty itself had been feeling

its way around the first quarter of the class, not really knowing what to do in the seminars aside from following the reading list. By the second quarter professors began to branch out from the reading list and conduct their seminars as entities different from the lectures, not as support to them. This was especially apparent in the literature seminars, in which the students were reading works either in more depth than the reading list required (e.g., the whole of the *Aeneid* instead of just selections from it), or literary pieces quite unrelated to the letcure topics of the reading list. By doing so, the seminars on the whole began to fall behind the pace set by Mr. Hitchcock in the lectures. It became harder to orient oneself to both the lectures and the seminars as belonging to the same experience. Not only did the emphasis within the seminars vary from professor to professor but, to a considerable degree, so did the subject matter itself. But no one seemed to be terribly disturbed about it, at least not yet.

The honeymoon, if intermittently disturbed before, really ended about halfway through the third quarter when faculty and students alike began to realize that the comprehensive examination was imminent. Some felt that anyone who had done the reading and been attentive during the lectures would surely have no trouble passing a six hour exam covering a whole year's work. Students who had not read or studied became diligent scholars, and the week before the comprehensive the Cowell community was sure that the Last Judgment was pending.

June 4, 1966 found the freshman class of Cowell College in the Field House once more. But this time there was no lecture. All five hundred heads were bent over the tables and the only sound to be heard was the tense scratching of pens on paper or an occasional cough. The comprehensive had begun. For six hours — three hours in the morning and three hours after lunch — the lectures, seminars and readings were hashed and rehashed, dissected, interpreted, misinterpreted and simplified to fit into the exam books. As students were citing hypotheses as facts and facts as hypotheses the voice of Mr. Hitchcock seemed to ring in

their ears with the now familiar quotation from Joyce's *Ulysses*: "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake."

When it was all over most students seemed to agree that it was a good exam, and some even claimed they had enjoyed taking it. Now all that was left of a year's joint efforts was a residue of some 500 examinations that had to be read, and in many cases re-read, to determine whether the respective authors had passed or failed, and to determine, in the last analysis, whether the course itself had been a success.

A committee composed of eight seminar leaders, the Provost, and the two lecturers had the task of grading the examinations. The week following the June 4th test date was a grueling one for the committee. There were neither standards nor a college tradition to go by, and many members of the committee were marking this type of examination for the first time. One member recollects graders rushing about up and down the halls, frantically comparing notes on possible evaluation criteria and lamenting the deplorable quality of many of the papers. Papers which failed to demonstrate the student's adequate factual or conceptual grasp of the subject matter were handed on by the original grader to one of the lecturers, either Mr. Hitchcock or Miss Holmes. Thus all questionable papers were read at least twice. Out of the five hundred students who had taken the year-long course, one hundred and fourteen had failed the comprehensive examination.

Somehow both World Civ. and a passing grade had apparently failed to reach over a fifth of the class. Who or what was to blame? Had the students taken Page Smith's 'fun, surprise and delight' more to heart than the factual material of the course? If so, they had been rewarded most harshly for following the 'Camp Cowell' spirit and what to them may have seemed Provost Smith's advice. Those who ultimately failed the course lost fifteen quarter units of credit — a whole quarter's worth of academic labors. This would be no small matter to make good. Some students gave up their university careers altogether; others lost confidence in

themselves and their abilities. Some transferred to other institutions or colleges and made up the lost credit; still others were, on account of their good performance in other fields, allowed to remain on at Cowell. The question remains, however, were the students themselves entirely to blame?

Clearly the students who had failed had done unsatisfactory work. Why? Some faculty members blamed the whole course and its disconnected conglomeration of ideas and theories presented without the necessary threads of continuity between two series of lectures, readings and scores of individual seminars. Other faculty members stressed the inadequacy of the comprehensive examination as a true indictator of students' accomplishments. The comment made by Jasper Rose concerning the test given to freshmen at the end of the first quarter of Cowell's second year applies equally well to this first World Civ. comprehensive.

> "I cannot help being struck by the number of cases in which very able students did not merely do badly in the examination but positively failed it. Or at the much larger number of cases in which students whose seminar work was at least perfectly acceptable became utterly unstuck. Nor could I fail to notice the absence of the sort of insights established in the seminars from the papers of so many students. Nor the woodenness, inertness, mechanicality of style and opinion in so many of the answers. Part of the explanation for these facts lies of course in the inexperience of many of the students. They are not used to taking examinations. But this is not a totally sufficient explanation. From both the papers themselves and from my observation of undergraduate behaviour and feelings, it is clear to me that some of the undergraduates entered the examination in a state of mind which was close to panic — and hence close to incoherence.
>
> "I must therefore say, with all the force at my command, that I think no good purpose has been served by this examination. It has discouraged the students; it has discouraged us; and the grades which result from

it, even after our lengthy and meticulous correlation of seminar and examination performance, are, in my opinion, in too many cases a travesty of justice. I fear that we have done many students unnecessary if reparable damage, and that we have saddled a few with an unfair and very daunting disadvantage, right at the beginning of their university careers. A futile exercise."

Concerning the grading and outcome of the examination, the following was entered into the minutes of the June 14, 1966 faculty meeting: "Any error was on the side of leniency; some papers showed no literacy or cultural comprehension; some showed no work; others were totally confused (Alexander explained the Roman Empire, etc. *ad nauseum*). Some who passed on half (morning or afternoon) were considered to have passed the examination. On the cheery side, 50 papers were superior."

During this same June 14 faculty meeting the problem of dismissals and re-examinations was discussed. Those students, who in June were already in poor academic standing, irrespective of the World Civ. comprehensive, were dismissed. It was further decided that those students who had failed the comprehensive but who were otherwise in good academic standing should be allowed to take one of two 're-takes' in July and September. The earlier examination was arranged primarily for those who required conclusive evidence of having passed the course before they could transfer to another college or university. The results of the July re-take were as dismal as those of the original examination. Out of 63 students taking the examination 42 failed, and out of those who failed 27 were sent letters of dismissal.

One bone of contention that came up during the summer was over the Provost's right to make decisions in questionable dismissal cases and appeals in the absence of a faculty committee. This was resolved, though with some animosity, rather reasonably by the early fall. The Provost had acted on his own in a number of cases, and it was eventually agreed that he had the power to do so despite his position as a Provost but not officially a Dean.

The question of dismissals was finally resolved when it was decided that some otherwise quite good students who had failed both the original comprehensive examination and the re-take should be allowed to stay on at Cowell and take the test a third time during the next academic year. Thus they could recover lost credits and fulfill part of the World Civ. graduation requirement.

Yet, despite all the takes and re-takes, the fact remained that a very large number of students had not succeeded in assimilating the material of the World Civ. course. Why? At the time this question was under discussion among the faculty during the summer of 1966 the answer was not at all unanimous. But now, thanks to the lapse of time, cooled emotions, and some historical detachment, a consensus of opinion seems to have been reached. The initial illness of the World Civ. program was a compound one. There was a broad chasm between the content of the lectures and that of the seminars. This was a chasm many students failed to span intellectually. The reading list was unwieldy. Many students found it impossible to read all the books. The faculty members themselves, for the most part, were new to teaching such a course and, in some cases, new to much of the subject matter it embraced. Some forgot themselves to a degree and pretended they were conducting quasi-graduate seminars, thus avoiding the task of helping students collect and assimilate the material covered in the lectures and readings.

Guidance did not, and could not, come entirely from above. To many aspects of the Cowell World Civ. program Mr. Hitchcock, our much admired lecturer, was himself new. At UCLA, where he had already conducted a Western Civilization course, Mr. Hitchcock had had graduate students as teaching assistants. Their sections were directly under his supervision, whereas the more autonomous faculty-conducted seminars at Cowell were not. The hidden problem throughout the first year, and the all too obvious one in succeeding years, was over what the unifying ingredient of the World Civ. program should be — lectures, seminars, or reading?

Finally, some of the students who had failed the comprehensive clearly had themselves mostly to blame. They had read little, attended few lectures, and generally been lazy. These students were fully repaid for their indolence. Others, however, had tried to work hard but were distracted from their World Civ. work by the demands of the science courses. As has been said, some good students tensed up under the pressure of a six hour examination and failed to collect and organize their thoughts. Many students, even among those who passed, had had insufficient attention given to their writing in the seminars. Lastly, some students had simply read and heard too much — too many theories, opinions, trends, views, and facts. From this they had acquired intellectual indigestion — an indigestion which showed in their poor examinations. The aims of the program had been perhaps too high and their implementation certainly too shaky.

The World Civ. program as it was conceived from the start was intended not only for the general education of Cowell students and faculty, but also to fulfill requirements for one quarter of freshman English (through the written work done in the seminars) and for one quarter of American History (to occupy one quarter of the second year of the World Civ. program). To compound matters, the Santa Cruz campus had its own 'breadth' requirements. Among other things were required three quarters of work in the humanities and three quarters in the social sciences. World Civ. satisfied these campus-wide requirements. The first year Western Civ. satisfied the humanities requirement through its emphasis on history, philosophy and literature. The second year of the course satisfied the social science requirement.

By the second year of Cowell College's existence the World Civ. program was in full swing. While the new class of freshmen went through the now improved World Civ. quarters 1, 2, & 3, the sophomores, the survivors of the first year, experienced World Civ. 4, 5, & 6. The fourth quarter delt with American History, and World Civ. 5 & 6 with the cultures of China, Japan, India and the Middle East. Let us then turn to those students who survived the

first half of the two year course and were about to experience the second.

In the Fall of 1966 we returned to Santa Cruz to find permanent buildings and familiar faces at Cowell College. Our ranks had been thinned due to certain failings and to the fact that half of the returning students went to the newly created college named after the late Adlai E. Stevenson. Despite these changes, one thing was to remain constant: The World Civ. program would continue into its second year. This time, however, we had a real lecture hall in which to sit while lectures were being delivered by none other than our Provost, Page Smith.

So we began our tri-weekly hikes up to the real lecture hall in Nat. Sci. (already familiar to those who had taken large classes other than World Civ. the year before) and were introduced to the lecturing Provost. But something was missing. It seemed like just another class and not World Civ. There were no seminars and no Wednesday night lectures by Mary Holmes. Contrary to what many may think, we did not as a whole applaud this increase of leisure time. We rather missed our seminars and art lectures. This is not to insinuate that Page Smith lacked anything as a lecturer. As early as the third week of class we were exposed to his multi-media educational reinforcement lecture. This was a total involvement lecture, with sight, sound, taste, touch and smell. He showed us how to load a musket from the Revolutionary War, then proceeded to fire it out the door. This took care of the sense of sight and even smell and sound. But every sense had to have its own separate experience, so Page Smith was kind enough to pass a bottle of Madeira and a box of snuff around for us to sample. An old book from the colonial period accounted for touch, and the Cowell Madrigals performed a song from the American Revolution.

But what about seminars? By popular request, two graduate students began holding informal seminars to discuss American history in general and Page Smith's class in particular. The seminars were not mandatory nor would one get extra credit for going. Nevertheless, these discussion

sections were surprisingly well attended. Somehow World Civ. meant both lectures and seminars and we could not tear ourselves away from the total experience, at least not for a while.

Without seminar leaders to assign papers or judge our progress, it was necessary for Page Smith to assign us some sort of written work for the quarter. Therefore, he asked us to write a one act play on any event in American history — a most difficult assignment. Page Smith had wanted to emphasize the drama of history, so we were to write historical dramas, and in the meantime were creating our own drama trying to become playwrights.

World Civ. 4 was Page Smith, a reading list which involved novels, budding playwrights, and a final exam at the end of the quarter. Because World Civ. 5 and 6 were to deal with non-western cultures it was decided to hold a final exam for American Civ. alone. But Page Smith took pity on us. A list of the possible exam questions was distributed a week in advance, and for the actual exam itself, we were required to write on only one of them.

And then there was World Civ. 5 and 6. Once again the lectures were still held in a dining hall, but not the Field House/Dining Hall of our first year. We trooped into the new glass enclosed dining-lecture hall one rainy January and listened while the three lecturers for the next two quarters of World Civ. proceeded to tell us what would happen during the remaining quarters of our Cowell College core course. Mr. Larkin, a dynamically efficient professor of political science from Harvard, was to give the first twenty lectures on the history and culture of China and Japan. Mr. Joshi, a quiescent psychologist from Nepal, was to elaborate upon Indian culture for fifteen lectures (split between winter and spring quarters). Mr. Randolph, a mustached young anthropologist fresh from field work among the Bedouins, gave the remaining twelve lectures on the Near East. Both quarters were to be further enhanced with lectures on art by Mary Holmes.

In keeping with the prevailing spirit of the course, the reading lists for the last two quarters were rather extensive.

We had 23 books to read for two quarters of lectures. For the twenty lectures on China and Japan we were assigned ten books to supplement our knowledge gleaned from Mr. Larkin's very factual lectures. One of the nine books for Indian Civ. was probably the most talked about book since *The Greeks*. This was *The Wonder That Was India*, advertised as the first volume of an encyclopedia, all 550 pages of it! Later many students' most vivid memory of Non-western Civ. was to be the constant reading. Whether many really finished it all is hard to say, but most of us made a valiant attempt at speed reading.

Experiencing three different lecture styles in two quarters, especially because we were so accustomed to one lecturer for the whole of the first year, deserves some added attention. Mr. Larkin began our experience in a very organized manner. We found it astounding how much information that man could cram into an hour-long lecture. He told us exactly what would take place and where — from lecture titles to special events like art lectures and a field trip to the Brundage Collection of Oriental Art at the De Young Museum in San Francisco. His schedule was followed to the letter. At the end of his twenty lectures we took an examination on China and Japan.

This exam was an unpleasant innovation for most of the World Civ. students. We, who were accustomed to essay exams, were required to answer fifty multiple choice questions in the space of an hour and a quarter. Everything from interpretations of Chinese philosophy to Japanese economics was included, much to our horror. The results, naturally, were not too encouraging for those who valued multiple-choice exams. Probably the most interesting fact that came out of Mr. Larkin's exam was that one of the students who had failed the essay-type comprehensive the first year managed to do quite well on the China and Japan test.

Most of us recovered well enough to struggle onward with Mr. Joshi, a very soft spoken, in fact almost inaudible lecturer. He had grown up in the culture of India and it was obvious that he felt at home with it. With the fad in Indian music and philosophy just beginning in earnest,

students endeavored to learn it all — from exotic drum rhythms to the esoteric Vedas. Just to make sure our enthusiasm had aided our learning process, however, we were given still another examination. After this nightmare exam Mr. Joshi, the Psychologist, informed us that the exam was designed really more to satisfy his curiosity than to test our grasp of the information he had given us. He had wanted to devise a perfect test for test-taking ability, and we were used as guinea pigs in his little experiment. Most students were shocked by Mr. Joshi's post-examination exposé.

For these two Asia exams we were furthermore ranked according to percentile — not just Pass/Fail. This seemed to increase the alienation of World Civ. 5 & 6 from the rest of the program. But World Civ. still had one more chance with Mr. Randolph.

Mr. Randolph seemed to learn from the others' mistakes. He had by far the shortest reading list and gave the least number of lectures. This in itself made it quite impossible to spend time on minute detail. Mr. Randolph had the added advantage that his examination would be incorporated into the comprehensive. He could not possibly have gone as far wrong as his predecessors. Nevertheless, on one very memorable occasion Mr. Randolph, the Anthropologist, came through with flying colors. For an hour and fifteen minutes World Civ. 6 students sat in the Cowell Dining Commons and listened to Him discuss in Arabic (well, all of the names were in Arabic) an Arab's family tree as far back as Abraham. As an aside it should be mentioned that our knowledge of the Middle East was applied early in June with the Arab-Israeli War. We were able partially to understand what was happening in Egypt and Israel, even if Mr. Randolph had predicted a long and costly war, with Egypt as the victor, if the Middle East situation ever exploded.

In an effort to tie the first and the second year together it was decided that Mr. Hitchcock should give what might be termed a farewell address to the hopeful graduates of

Perhaps the most memorable lecture of all was to occur in World Civ. just before the second year comprehensive.

World Civ. The sophomores of Cowell College gathered one Tuesday evening to hear him. The whole spectre of World Civ. flashed through many minds as he began to speak. And as he spoke we realized, some probably for the first time, how much and how little we had learned over the two years.

We went into the World Civ. 5 & 6 comprehensive confident that as we had survived the intermediate exams we could survive anything. The earlier exams seemed to have helped when it came to remembering details for the comprehensive. We were forced to organize our thoughts twice before this last ordeal, and it was to our advantage. The system of quarterly exams was also used to advantage during the subsequent years of World Civ. 1, 2, and 3.

But what was happening to World Civ. 1, 2, & 3 after the summer of the first year? During the first year of Cowell College there was no World Civ. committee. The planning and direction of the program took place in the regular weekly faculty meetings where such matters as grading and planning for World Civ. 5 and 6 were handled. When the first comprehensive examination presented a host of new or previously unnoticed questions, it became obvious that some sort of special committee would be necessary to answer them. The World Civ. Committee, made up of 5 to 10 faculty members, was formed at the end of the first year and has continued to function with variations in its membership ever since.

During the second year of World Civ. 1, 2 and 3 the biggest issue was that of the continuation of the practice of giving a comprehensive. The newly formed committee decided that this practice should be abandoned in favor of examinations for all Civ. students at the end of each quarter. These three exams together with the seminar work for the year would determine a student's academic standing in World Civ. However, at the end of the third quarter a comprehensive examination would be given, the passing of which would be necessary for graduation from Cowell College though no units would be involved. In addition to this change in the comprehensive exam, the common reading list for the course was reduced in length and seminar leaders were encouraged to assign outside reading for their individual sections. These

modifications seemed fairly successful. Although the test at the end of the first quarter caused considerable trouble, only a few of the freshmen failed the comprehensive that year, and of those who took this exam a second time none received a failing mark.

For the first year the curriculum planning for the World Civ. 4, 5 and 6 was left up to the lecturers involved, as it had been left up to Mr. Hitchcock to plan the first year of World Civ. 1-3. The first run-through of World Civ. 4 showed that its composition was successful; hence, this part of the course has continued substantially unchanged.

The third year of Cowell College witnessed further alterations in World Civ. 1-3 in which quarterly exams were prepared by the different seminar leaders and teaching assistants. (By this time a few graduate students began to replace busy faculty members as seminar or section leaders.) Little change occurred in World Civ. 5 and 6. But the lecturers of the last two quarters agreed that although their experience in the previous year had helped them refine and improve the existing teaching plan, a fundamental overhaul of the final two quarters was necessary, an idea proposed a year earlier by the students.

The fourth year of Cowell College witnessed the most sweeping changes in the World Civ. program. Mr. Hitchcock, away on leave, was replaced by Jasper Rose, the renowned Senior Preceptor of Cowell College, and Mary Holmes. A vast reading list was organized by Rose for the freshmen of Cowell. From this list students and faculty alike were to select appropriate material. Quarterly examinations were again prepared by seminar leaders and administered in each section separately. The comprehensive, which had been given traditionally every Spring, was replaced for the first time by an essay to be written during the last two quarters of the freshman year. In this essay the students were to read and write upon a theme of their own choosing.

The first quarter of the fourth year Jasper Rose planned and brought off a Greek Festival. Greek plays, athletics and food added to the classical spirit which pervaded Cowell for a day and lingered much longer. The most ambitious of

Rose's innovations, however, was the singing of Handel's "Messiah." This was sung by nearly all freshmen World Civ. students and by many other members of Cowell College, seniors and professors included. The vast rehearsal-performance lasted one week of class time, each day of which voices became hoarser and hoarser. The concept was daring, the participation encouraging, the enthusiasm bountious, and the production at times even musical. The aftermath of it all could be felt (and heard) in the whistling and humming which animated the college quads until the end of Winter Quarter and even beyond. The phonograph needles of many students got a respite from a steady diet of folk and beat and feasted instead most majestically on baroque Handel.

World Civ. 4 has continued with its blast of musket powder and pinch of snuff. World Civ. 5 and 6, however, have plunged into the adventurous whirlpool of change. The new plan had been conceived the previous year by the three lecturers, Messrs. Larkin, Joshi, and Randolph. Mr. Larkin had been concerned about the rather arbitrary division of lecture time into two quarters and the forcing of esoteric material onto students who had no choice. His suggestion to allow students to choose for one quarter just one of the Non-Western studies has been realized this year in World Civ. 5. Mr. Randolph felt that a full quarter on one of the three areas would also allow more time for an attempt on the part of the professor to incorporate ideas presented in the first year of World Civ. into the Non-Western areas. Mr. Randolph then suggested that the final quarter of World Civ. be devoted to problems in contemporary civilization. There would be a wide range of seminars dealing with such disparate subjects as the Architecture of the Atom and the History of Mexico. In this way both students and faculty would be able to select and study in seminar material suited to their needs, interests and special fields of study.

Over the first four years of Cowell's existence World Civ. has grown with the college. It suffered all the academic diseases — great expectations followed by minimal success, planning and reorganizing, changes in curriculum, setting, instructors and students. Grandiose visions dissolved under

the light of reality. But the World Civ. program has survived and is surviving these growing pains. Experience will hopefully make the program immune to relapses and setbacks.

Suggestions for the future are certainly not lacking. Many are being mulled over, slept on, discussed, re-discussed, and maybe even acted upon. These proposals include a reading list as the common denominator for the western civilization part, only one seminar the freshman year instead of three, seminars as a basis for the program instead of lectures or reading lists, a non-Western Bill Hitchcock to take command of non-Western Civ., optional quarters of World Civ. beyond the second year, and seniors running seminars for the freshmen or sophomores.

Despite the disappointing performance on the comprehensive examination at the end of the first year, faculty members still look back on the first year with fond memories. One said that he has never gotten so close to students before or after, because he had a group of students in the small seminars and as advisees. Another commented that teaching the seminars the first year was the most fun he had ever had as a teacher. "The first year was a mad, and wild, and wonderful year." This statement by one member of the faculty is no doubt indicative of the feelings of at least a few of the fellows of Cowell College.

Students have been varyingly enthusiastic, but always vocal about World Civ. One senior science major said that World Civ. was the best undergraduate course he had taken, and that it helped him form his present 'Weltanschauungen.' Another science major has opposed the idea of a mandatory course in World Civ. and would rather be involved in a History of Science class where he would learn information more relevant to his major. Others have said, likewise critically, that "The interdisciplinary nature of the first year was remarkable," but that "what Hitchcock had tried to do fell apart in the second year." The use of faculty members as seminar leaders has proven very popular among students. On the use of teaching assistants the following is a typical example of student sentiment: "Don't get smallpox, don't get the plague, and don't get T.A.'s!" Even those students

who had run into a bit of difficulty with the comprehensive the first year admitted later on in their university careers that they had at least learned a lot.

The two crucial problems of the course now seem evident. The World Civ. program may form the core of a common intellectual experience at Cowell, but what, if anything, is to form the core, the common denominator, of World Civ.? This problem is obvious to students and faculty alike. The second problem is not seen by the students — though it may be felt — and is all too often seen by the faculty. How is the program with its demands on professors as lecturers and seminar leaders to be staffed? The answer to this second question, though simple, is nevertheless unpleasant to those concerned. The Chairman of the World Civ. committee must exercise nearly superhuman tact, persuasion and persistence in the task of recruiting. As more graduate students come, faculty will be spending more and more time on upper division and graduate courses and will have less time to spend on World Civ. seminars, even though many faculty members do admittedly enjoy leading them. The gradual infiltration of T.A.'s is seemingly unavoidable and perhaps not all that undesirable.

If some of the problems of the World Civ. program are now evident, so are some of its successes. The very existence of this vast interdisciplinary course covering thousands of years and diverse cultures has proven to be a stimulus to college life. Now students have been given a common intellectual meeting ground and have been exposed not only to the broad spectrum of World Civ. but to differing intellectual approaches to this subject. The use of visual aids has been a noted credit to the course, as have been guest lecturers and occasional field trips.

The program keeps changing and growing with the college — a hard thing for professors and students alike to cope with, for it is far easier to stagnate. But perhaps this capacity, and indeed willingness to change will keep Cowell's core program alive and in tune with the growth and development of a viable college community. In retrospect, World Civ. has thus far been a success. As the Chancellor once remarked,

"Every time I see the Cowell faculty they are grumbling about the World Civilization program, yet it is by far the most successful core course at any of the four existing colleges."

5 *Fiat Lux*

"The first grievance we had with the Chancellor was his recommendation that we not live in anarchy." — Bill Scott.

Was it the Chancellor who first mentioned the inevitable fact that anarchy was not really a satisfactory state for undergraduates of the University of California, and some method of handling our own affairs would have to be devised? Certainly the first concrete suggestion came not from Central Services, but from the College Office. At some faculty meeting Jasper Rose compared the trailers in their cluster shape to the wagon train camps of the Western Pioneers, and carried away by the analogy, the faculty envisaged a whole system of representative and protective government, each trailer under the guidance of a single individual, each cluster united under a similar head, cluster pitted against cluster and the whole united against raiding Wild Indians (read "preceptors"). Unfortunately, the undergraduates received the form without the spirit (it would not have seemed a particularly enticing vision in any case). Though there was a "boss" at the first meeting from most of the trailers, the aura of Tammany Hall about the title was too strong, and "trailer boss" never caught on.

There was a definite reluctance on the part of most students to become involved. Distaste for that initial proposal was one factor; no one liked the idea of simply agreeing to a government handed down from on high. It is difficult at this date to weigh the chances a representational government, based on living quarters, would have had as an indigenous proposal; certainly the fact that the first such proposal had been concocted by the faculty and given to the students lessened the possibility of a representational government, even though no one could muster any overwhelming reasons for rejecting it. Student government itself was viewed as a

jejune and puerile activity by those who had watched it from afar during high school; many of those who had been involved in the student council routine were thoroughly disillusioned with the whole business. After things got rolling, that spirit didn't matter too much — the very disillusionment became a positive factor in encouraging new forms, which would provide some means of avoiding a bureaucratic, clique-type government.

It is interesting to speculate as to what would have happened if no one on the faculty or in the administration had brought up the suggestion of student government, as a sort of experiment in spontaneous generation. One supposes that the stigma was so strong that quite possibly there would have been no organized effort by the students to set about creating a government, at least within the first months. The power in the hands of an undergraduate council is limited in any event, and there was enough going on other fronts during that first year to keep people busy.

In any case, the word went out that the trailers should choose a "boss" to come to a preliminary meeting on Friday, October 8, 1965. In most trailers, the representative was chosen by default — the only student with nothing planned for the evening, someone who knew someone else who was going, or a potential saboteur — opposed to government on principle and willing to go in order to clog up the works. Somehow a pair of hardy souls willing to lead stepped forward — Tom Greene as Moderator, Lesley Skannal as Secretary. (One must add in justice that Lesley was well qualified for the post. She alone, among half a hundred representatives, had brought a notebook and a pencil.)

There was a general unwillingness by that body to take any decisive action at that meeting. The group agreed that it had no power to select a form of government, but that it could set up an agenda of proposals for discussion at the next town meeting. The meeting was recessed for four days to allow for compilation of suggestions. During the interval, representatives submitted suggestions to the Secretary Pro Tempore, who managed to prepare a summary from the mass of assorted and various documents. It began as follows:

"The general consensus among the representatives who submitted proposals seems to be that the type of student government established for Cowell College should be of the town meeting variety, with diversified methods of organizing that body. Except for four groups who suggested that no formal government should be established at this time, all suggestions related to the idea that every student, and possibly the faculty as well, should have the opportunity of active participation."

When the second meeting convened, no dominant pattern had emerged for the proposed organization of the government beyond this consensus. There were proposals to have the trailer representatives form a steering committee, to be a steering committee, to break into other committees; elaborate and carefully-worked-out governments in three branches, each balancing each; proposals for agenda committees, petitioning procedures, rules of order; demands for anarchy. It might have been possible to bring some order out of that mass of ideas, all equally possible and all almost equally alluring, but there was an added and complicating factor to be dealt with — the composition of the body itself.

The trailer representatives who came to the meeting on October 12 had generally lost their misgivings about establishing a government; further, in the interval given over to collecting proposals most of them had committed themselves to a particular idea. It was no longer "Why government?" but "Which government?" The issue of lots versus elections was particularly important; it separated the Assembly into separate coteries, as blood is clotted by a phosphorous solution. There were election clots, and there were lot clots. Wendy Watson recalls that meeting vividly: "Zack was in one clump, and I was in another." It was a hell of a bloody mess. Each clique busily intrigued to effect its own proposal, and politely declined to listen to anyone else. The minutes for the meeting give the best picture of the situation:

"Written motions were called for concerning the next step in preparing the agenda. It was moved and seconded that the choices proposed with possible additions be organized for presentation according to type of govern-

ment, officers, elections, and the forming of a constitution. The motion was defeated. It was moved and seconded that the summary, including specific proposals, be mimeographed for distribution prior to the next town meeting. The motion was defeated. It was moved and seconded that the summary be submitted to the town meeting with possible amendments. The motion was defeated."

Unable to decide upon any course of action at all, the meeting recessed for three days. It was obvious that no single individual or group had the ascendancy, and equally obvious that the next meeting's prospects of success were dim. At this point Karl Lamb, the only faculty member who was involved in those early activities, stepped in to try to bring some order out of the chaos; working from the list of proposals, he prepared a six-page set of resolutions as a tentative Constitution and circulated it to the trailer bosses.

His well-meaning attempt to aid the foundering Assembly of Trailer Representatives hardly seems now a heinous action, but it was greeted by the students with cries of outrage. Partly because the only name attached to the document was that of Lesley Skannal, the students viewed it as an underhanded attempt to force a government upon them. It is possible that the proposals would have been rejected out of hand if Lamb's name had been attached to them, but what actually happened was in a way worse: Lamb's reputation among the students suffered a blow from which it has never recovered.

Ann Griffin has in her possession one of the extant copies of Lamb's "Infamous Document." There are angry slashes of red ink on the first page, which give way to carefully penned-in notations of the proposals which were struck. Miss Griffin's first scrawl is a graphic record of the Assembly's emotional pitch. A remarkably rational and serene young lady, she, like the rest of the Assembly, felt threatened by what was viewed as an attempt by Lamb to foist his authority upon the students.

What actually happened was that the Assembly swallowed its resentment and decided to use the document, as Lamb had

intended, as a starting point for their deliberations. That such was the case, and that large chunks of the original resolutions survived *in toto* through several subsequent drafts, may perhaps bear witness to the difficulties of organizing the suggestions garnered by the trailer bosses, and to the students' real need for faculty guidance and political savvy.

Be that as it may, the trailer bosses set to and worked over the proposals until, after four hours of hard labor, they had produced a document which they could call their own. More than that, a document in which they could take pride. Exhilarated by the elixir of pure idealism, euphoric after experiencing ennui and exhaustion, the elated reps agreed to select a drafting committee to polish the resolutions and work them into a proper form, to be presented to the community at the next Town Meeting. Not a few people in the course of the evening had given up all interest in the exhausting and confusing proceedings and departed. Almost every one who had persisted until the end put his name in Flip Lawyer's cap (on Jamie Goodman's head) for the lot. Once the drafting committee of nine members had been selected, everyone went home, feeling that a good evening's work had been done.

Alas, future efforts were not to succeed as rosily as that early moment portended.

The drafting committee worked out minor inconsistencies and difficulties, so that all was in readiness for the Assembly to consider the proposals. By the evening of October 28, however, breakers were appearing in the smooth course of the proposed ship of state. Considerable opposition to the proposals had developed, on a number of different considerations.

A small contingent of serious-minded students felt that the proposed plan was too hastily conceived and that further study was imperative before any plan could be properly considered. A moderate-sized group of anarchists wanted no government at all, either on theoretical grounds, or because they felt student government itself was a farce. In addition, there was a fairly wide-spread opinion that the proposals being presented were the work of Lamb and the Provost, with the trailer representatives serving as stooges.

No one knew, on walking into the Field House for College Night dinner, what would be the outcome of that evening. The eight resolutions had been circulated and amendments submitted; Mr. Willson was ready to serve as Moderator, but in the absence of a clear mandate from the Assembly it seemed possible that the opposition would be able to block any effective action.

When the meeting was called to order, the legality of the proceedings was questioned at once. There was no higher authority to appeal to, as the Provost declined to take the responsibility for a decision which he felt belonged by right to the assembled students. The assembled students, while hostile to any decision forced upon them, by and large were not anarchists and wanted to find some satisfactory solution.

At this juncture, the various dissenting voices and several faculty members who were present and concerned left the noisy and disorderly Field House for a caucus outside the doors. After a fair amount of hasty discussion, Mr. Werlin's voice prevailed and it was agreed to put the question before the Assembly: Would it consider the proposed Resolutions as a model for a constitution? Presented with this solutoin to its dilemmas, the Assembly voted to take the resolutions as its agenda.

Thus began a meeting, the memory of which will long be preserved by all first-year Cowellites. It lasted for four hours, and the assembled members were able to pass three of the eight resolutions. It recessed for five days, met again, and passed two more resolutions, along with one for an ad-hoc committee to propose methods for dividing the freshman class into Cowell and Stevenson sophomore classes. It recessed and met again, but so few members were present that they declared themselves a rump session. Finally, on November 10, it met again, finished with the remainder of the proposals, and made provision for a constitution committee to draft a formal constitution, by-laws, and rules of procedure, based on the draft standing orders passed by the Assembly. Everyone heaved a sigh of relief, and, with the exception of those dedicated students who set about circulating petitions for the Constitution Committee, left the Constitution to its fate.

In fact, once the draft standing orders had been approved, most of the members of the Cowell College Assembly washed their hands of the whole matter of government. The meetings to consider the resolutions had been long and exhausting. Debate was characterized chiefly by verbosity, irrelevance, and a certain muddy rhetoric. Most students had little awareness of parliamentary procedure, while those who were adept at manipulating Robert's Rules of Order either used the rules to their own advantage, or, out of a perverse delight in obfuscation, contrived to ensnarl us all in intricate discussion of minor technical questions. Those faculty who had been interested in student government — and there were more than a few — were disillusioned almost immediately by the experience of that first constitutional meeting, at which the gap between our aspirations and our abilities was so painfully apparent. One cannot blame the faculty, but surely they might have made some allowance for our inexperience? Be that as it may, the struggle to make the Cowell Assembly work was and is almost exclusively a student struggle.

However lamentable their lack of interest in the fortunes of the Cowell Assembly may have been, one must not begrudge the faculty the fact that those forty-odd strangers were laboring under their own burdens, not the least of which was the peculiar governmental situation in which they found themselves.

The faculty governing body of the University of California is the Academic Senate. Each campus has its own Division, and sends representatives to the statewide Assembly. There was no Division of the Academic Senate at Santa Cruz when it first opened; this meant that there was technically no faculty, since a faculty member is defined as a member of the Academic Senate. The only organization the faculty possessed was that provided by the College Office; the assumption was that in time a Division would be established.

In the month before school started this did not seem a serious problem. The faculty members assembled from all points of the country, met the Provost, and made the acquaintance of their colleagues. The first faculty meetings were

held on warm August days down at the Cook House, one of the original buildings of the old Cowell Ranch. During the course of one of these quite casual meetings the faculty decided upon a new grading system.

The Academic Plan for Sana Cruz had mentioned the possibility of modifying the current grading system. Page Smith and Byron Stookey, the director of Academic Planning, were most anxious to escape the evils of "A-B-C-D-F" grades, and in fact had made it clear while recruiting that something else was in the works. Taking advantage of an existing regulation authorizing Divisons to allow certain students to take courses "Pass/Fail" they proposed that P/F be adopted across the board. The faculty were in basic agreement, and on that August day they gave their stamp of approval — Santa Cruz would have no grades beyond a simple "Pass/Fail." And yet . . .

Several years later, one faculty member admitted that he had left that pleasant August meeting with a slight sense of misgiving: could it really be that easy? The days of simple decisions, alas, are long past. In fact, the battle for pass/fail — and it was in every sense a battle — continued for seven months, until at the last authorization was granted for an experimental use of the system, to be continued for five years.

The first rumblings of the brewing storm were heard in November, when the decision made by the faculty had come to the attention of the Rules and Jurisdiction Committee of the Academic Senate. And the Chancellor was informed that Senate Regulation 782 did not authorize individual Divisions to establish pass/fail grades across the board.

At this point it became clear that the only possible course of action was to establish a Division of the Academic Senate. The faculty had committeed themselves to a pass/fail system but had no way of petitioning the Academic Senate to pursue it; the Academy Advisory Committee, which was fulfilling most of the functions of a Division, was a temporary body, incapable of handling such a large issue. And so it was decided: In late November those members of the faculty who qualified as potential members of the Senate met in preliminary session to choose a Chairman and present a first

proposal for a Division regulation pass/fail. On the first of December the Santa Cruz Division of the Academic Senate formally came into existence.

The situation was actually a fairly difficult one. Santa Cruz had embarked on a course of action declared illegal by the governing body to which it belonged. The quarter was well advanced, and students were pursuing their work in the calm belief that they would not be given letter grades. After agitated consultations and elaborate maneuverings, a plan of action was devised which, though somewhat distasteful, seemed a viable compromise: Both pass/fail *and* letter grades would be given, the former to be public, and the latter to be locked in a secret vault in the Registrar's office while the Division worked out a proposal to take to the Assembly of the Academic Senate for approval. If approval was granted, all records of the secret grades would be destroyed. If the proposals were defeated, the grades would be published, undergraduates receiving the punishment for their indolence or the rewards of their diligence, and orthodoxy could reinherit the throne.

The undergraduates had no inkling of the situation under which the faculty was struggling. Because not enough time had elapsed at that point for real friendships to be established between faculty and students, informal communication was minimal, and, understandably enough, no official announcement of the dilemma was made. However, there was no deliberate attempt at secrecy, and rumors began to circulate among the undergraduates that back-up grades were being given, that the freedom they thought they possessed was being compromised, that they had been betrayed. Without a clear understanding of the reasons for the decision, the undergraduates interpreted it as a reversal of an already established policy. Feelings of outrage ran high. (One suspects, in retrospect, that the sense of outrage was strongest among those who had not been doing too well during the quarter.)

In the absence of any definite word as to the actual grading situation, most undergraduates continued their work, took their finals, and went home without too much fuss. Faculty members gave their examinations, graded them and

turned in their reports, but were not able to abandon dull care for the festive season. The business of the University continued straight through, with hardly a break to mark the holiday.

In the months that followed, faculty committees hammered out a proposal to be presented to the all-campus Assembly. It provided for pass/fail grades, along with written evaluations of each student's work. Particular boards of studies would be allowed to institute conventional grading systems if they chose, particularly in upper-division courses required for the major. This was done with an eye to the graduate schools. It was felt that students desiring admission to highly competitive professional schools, particularly medical schools, would suffer under a pass/fail system. (Most of the Natural Sciences Boards of Studies instituted grades immediately for those students taking upper-division courses in their major.) This option for grading was a compromise between the scientists, who by and large were opposed to pass/fail, and the humanities and social sciences people, who wanted pass/fail for everyone.

When the mutually agreeable compromise plan had been ironed out, F.M.G. Willson and Sigfried Puknat went forth to meet the enemy. It had taken considerable time to prepare the proposal, so that it was not until April that the mater could be taken up with the Senate. Three years later, the pass/fail system is fairly well established and requires little justification on the part of its proponents. In 1966 the situation was quite different; a grading experiment so radical, on so wide a scale, was not well regarded by most of the other campuses. Fortunately, the Santa Cruz representatives were adept at political warfare. The battle was fierce and the maneuvering difficult, but permission was finally granted for the grading system to be given a five-year trial. Karl Lamb has stated that it was only due to the expertise of F.M.G. Willson that pass/fail passed the Assembly.

In establishing itself as a full-fledged Division of the Academic Senate, the Santa Cruz faculty inherited a structure by which it could organize itself; Sigfried Puknat and other old Senate hands were familiar with committees, pro-

cedures and precedents. Karl Lamb, as Secretary, managed to produce minimal notices of proceedings and minutes, despite considerable obstacles. The situation left much to be desired, but in general order prevailed.

The Cowell faculty began its existence as a deliberative body under quite different circumstances. The planners of the University had not made provision for formal faculty governments in the individual colleges, assuming that most important decisions would be made by the Senate and, perhaps, the Boards of Studies, while the colleges themselves could organize any minimal administrative structure they required. Page Smith likewise had not envisaged any problems of such magnitude as to demand a formal structure.

The Provost has many virtues. Organization is not one of them. While believing deeply in the importance of working together to govern the affairs of the College, he had little commitment to a formal and structured organization. "Faculty government" meant that the faculty would gather together, discuss the issues, and come to their decisions.

And so it was — in the beginning. When pressing problems arose, such as how to obtain more bookshelves, the faculty discussed the alternatives and decided upon a plan of action with general amity and dispatch. Most of the faculty were virtual strangers to one another, which made for a certain delicacy, a dislike of pressing one's colleagues too hard or presenting one's own views too forcefully. There was a curious unwillingness to put anything to a vote, a desire to preserve the initial unity of the group.

In the course of the first months, however, the situation changed. Minor inconveniences multiplied; faculty positions and prejudices became better known; the issues themselves were more complicated. As the easy give and take of the early meetings was lost, the discussions became more strident; it was increasingly difficult to remember the exact topic under discussion, or what had been decided. Tempers frayed, feelings ran high; the Provost was unable to adapt his casual style to the more difficult situation. The faculty saw the Provost only sporadically, and there was some concern that he was strong-arming everyone else at the meetings. Part

of the difficulty was that in the absence of a formal decision-making structure, most of the important decisions were made casually and informally — the channels were there, but not everyone knew it.

Faculty members with enough political savvy knew who would act upon a well placed hint, who was totally unable to influence anyone, where the powers in Central Services were effective and where they weren't. The political situation was not static; one could, with know-how, get positive results. But people without connections, deficient in the ability to maneuver in an informal power structure, had difficulty getting anywhere. It was very much a case of the left hand not knowing what the right was doing. Much concentrated effort was expended in vain for lack of a follow-up, or because of unforeseen obstacles; difficult situations could not be corrected because there was no one with the time or the inclination to look into them.

This duplication of effort, wasted energy, and general confusion was due in large part to the abruptness of the transition from a very small decision-making group to a quite large faculty. For budgetary reasons the number of faculty and staff who were present for any length of time before the actual opening of the University was quite small. The Chancellor, Byron Stookey, and Page Smith were used to making a decision in short order when a problem arose. It is difficult under any circumstances to transfer the decision-making process from a compact and informal center to an elaborate bureaucratic system. When the crises of each individual day are so numerous and so serious that decisions must be made immediately, it is well-nigh impossible. There were ten times as many people present and concerned in the running of the University, but the same small group continued to make most of the important decisions. Having made them, they often lacked the time to inform anyone except those directly concerned in their implementation.

One final factor was highly significant in estranging the faculty from the administration of the University and of the College, and that was their geographic isolation. All the faculty offices were in the Natural Sciences Building; the

University Administration was in Central Services; the students were down by the Field House. Faced with the problem of where to locate the College Office, the Provost and Senior Preceptors opted for the Field House. There is no doubt that the lack of *any* center for the students in their peculiar trailer environment would have been disastrous; the sense of isolation from the rest of the world was quite strong as it was. But however justifiable the decision to set up shop in the Field House, it meant that the Provost was almost totally isolated from the day-to-day life of the faculty. Some few faculty members regularly made the fifteen-minute journey down to the Field House (the trip back up involved, one must remember, quite a climb). There were the weekly faculty meetings and occasional social events, but beyond these meager contacts the two halves went their own ways, the Provost and Precepters meeting their crises on the athletic green, and the faculty stewing in their own confusion and general sense of disorientation up in Nat. Sci.

All these factors — isolation, inadequate communication, and panic over many aspects of the new situation — combined to make the maintenance of a sense of balance rather difficult. The bi-weekly faculty meetings in Natural Sciences served as a safety-valve; all the various issues concerning the faculty came out at those meetings. The Provost and the Senior Preceptors found themselves obliged to explain, defend, justify their actions and those of the students; and there was some feeling among the faculty that they were being hustled: The Provost ought not to have made so many decisions on his own; the faculty ought to have been grateful for being spared the routine of every-day crises and decisions. However right or wrong the issues seem now, one cannot deny that by the spring there was a wide-spread feeling that SOMETHING MUST BE DONE. What must be done was another question. It is difficult for the later observer, accustomed to the fairly uneventful routine of the College government, properly to comprehend the confusion, indignation, and apprehension with which the faculty set about trying to determine a proper course of action to bring order to (or impose order upon) the decision-making process in the

College. Meetings formal and informal, alternatives, precautions and ultimata — it was not an easy time. Eventually the tenured members of the faculty (they who could not suffer reprisals for their audacity) forced the issue in a confrontation with the Provost — though perhaps these meetings would not be dignified with such a title in our more troubled age — and it was agreed that a College government would be established.

Many members of the faculty recall that period with intense feeling even now. The situation was aggravated by the various factors mentioned above, and particularly by a feeling of frustration at the Provost's way of doing things. The struggle took a heavy toll. One is reminded of Bert Kaplan's remarks to a Danforth Conference in the summer of 1966: "I served in World War II and I know shell-shock when I see it." On the other side of the ledger-sheet, one might maintain that the fact that the faculty had to work out its relationship with the Provost and to determine how much part it wanted in the running of the College was a positive factor in its own internal formation. The Cowell faculty enjoys a unity and a sense of identity unique among the colleges; that sense is partly due to the enforced closeness of all the faculty in the Natural Sciences building during the first year (economist cheek by jowl with chemist with art historian), partly to the exhilaration of beginning a new enterprise together, but also, perhaps, to the fact that the faculty had to make up its mind as to what it wanted and to get it by force. Nothing was handed over on a platter.

The first Academic Senate was chosen late in the spring of 1966, and the by-laws were worked out a few months later. The attempt to form the college governments was another example of how far the existing UC rules had to be stretched. The Academic Senate's regulations provided for the formation of "colleges," but this referred to Colleges of Letters and Science, Agriculture, or Engineering. Needless to say, the Santa Cruz definition of "college" was somewhat different. The problem was solved when the UCSC Academic Senate managed to interpret the regulation so cleverly that the result was that Cowell was considered as a residential

Oxfordian college *and* as a College of Arts and Letters. A perfect example of the subtle intrigues necessary to mold the system to one's own purposes.

The Provost and the Senior Preceptors were not happy with this arrangement, for it meant that the faculty were in a real sense removed from the actual business of the College. Because of his experience at King's College, where the Fellows actually run the college, Jasper Rose was most anxious that the faculty in the person of the Executive Committee play an important role in *all* the business of the College. In fact, with the passage of time (and a change in leadership) the Committee has taken more of a lead in initiating action and directing various programs and activities within the College.

The By-Laws themselves have been amended, altered and revised ever since they were adopted. The changes have not been so radical as those attendant upon the Student government but the same pattern is recognizable. After all, is it surprising that a group of people cannot forsee all contingencies in planning the apparatus by which they will conduct their business? In any event, the basic structure has remained the same.

Besides the Executive Committee, the more important committees are the Curriculum Committee and the World Civilization Committee, which play a major part in dealing with College courses, and the Provost's Advisory Committee. This last, the eponym of the student Provost's Advisory Committee, serves rather a different purpose from the student committee; it is composed of three tenured members of the faculty, selected by the Provost, who advise him with regard to promotion and tenure. The actual decision in these matters rests with the university-wide Budget Committee; however, through this Committee the Provost is able to make his recommendations to that committee as a representative of the whole faculty of the College. While such a procedure is a far cry from the self-government of the Oxbridge colleges, it goes at least a little way towards including the faculty of the College in the decision-making process.

At this point, now that the dust is settled, it seems

that the Cowell faculty has managed to avoid the dullness resulting from over-organization.

Cowell Faculty government, like its student prototype, is remarkable for its informality and flexibility — the folksy-forum effect. Perhaps because there are so few faculty members, because they are colleagues and cronies, the Faculty wins the Dunmow Flitch hands down over the students. One adjunct of the Cowell Faculty government is the Senior Commons Room Committee, officially dedicated to the promulgation of coffee and the prevention of clutter in the faculty lounge. The informality of this brotherhood (where government is almost synonymous with social interaction) gives rise to the (sometimes very flamboyant) free expression of the (sometimes very idiosyncratic) individuals who people the committees during their official business. Priscilla Shaw of Stevenson College relates (via Joseph Silverman of Cowell) an incident which occured during a meeting of the Cowell Advisory Committee, which is concerned with faculty appointments. The Committee, had met at Provost Page Smith's campus home for Sunday Brunch to interview a prospective faculty member to fill the vacancy of Gabriel Berns, going on leave. Facing the (possible) appointee in Eloise Smith's richly appointed parlor were Karl Lamb, Maurice Natanson, and Smith himself, lounging in a smoking jacket. Natanson, patriarch of the Philosophy department, addressed this question to the rather shy and quiet young man. He leaned forward ponderously and said, "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF DEATH?" It might be added that the young man's specialty was Spanish Literature.

By the middle of the second year, the Committees were in operation and the Cowell faculty had actually established itself fairly well. The same cannot be said, alas, of the students. The progress of the "definitive document" that first year — Lamb's draft to the Trailer Boss to the Draft Standing Orders to the proposed formal Constitution — was not so much a progression as a dissipation. Consider the following points.

1. Any "standing committee" in Lamb's document became an "ad-hoc" committee; still reeling from their experiences of high school government, the freshmen abhorred anything that smacked of bureaucracy or power-play. The abolition of standing committees and limitations on tenure of ad-hoc committees would effectively stem the ambition of any aspiring Napoleon; of course, it also prevented the committee from accomplishing anything during its brief tenure. The Draft Standing Orders, a bit more realistically, provide Standing Committees when continuity is necessary "for effective functioning;" but the members are to succeed each other in two-quarter staggered succession, so only one member of the Standing Committee would really stand.

2. Lamb had provided for an elected Steering Committee to serve as the Assembly's decision-making body — this provision was, of course, struck. The result was no decision-making group within the Assembly. That bulky group was so unwieldy that it never steered itself anywhere. The stroke left it a decapitated corpse.

The result of this particular exclusion was that when the Provost had to make any decision, however small, pertaining to the students — for example, the selection of ten students to make an exchange trip to Raymond College — he would have had to call a general meeting of the Assembly! Understandably, Smith chose the students himself, by skirting the bog and leaving the frogs to croak about "undemocratic proceedings."

However unwieldy this Town Hall ideal was, the students clung to it pertinaciously. Their insistence on the purity of the vision, however, led increasingly to disillusionment as the ideal clashed with the reality. On the heads side of the coin (make it a nickel and an Indian's) were the dreamers, the drafters, proposing that there would be no floor debate on petitions submitted to the Assembly, but, instead, "a week's waiting period in which the issues may be discussed among students and faculty" (submitted by Bill Davis, December 1965). These early documents, with their talk of community involvement, conjure up golden visions of freshmen locked in heated dinner-debate over

their strawberry cobblers and grape punch, tossing round the pros and cons of the latest campus political controversy. Flash to a picture of Greek philosophers strolling through the stoa . . . no, make it Julius Caesar and Cicero conversing in the Roman Forum.

But on the tails side of the coin (let's say the bison's) lay the members of the Cowell Assembly, the all too apolitical inhabitants of Mobile Home Estates. In the minutes for the very meeting which had considered Davis' proposal there is a note that the Assembly had taken cognizance of a petition signed by ninety-five members of the Assembly requesting that Assembly meetings in the Field House be conducted with a minimum of noise — in order to assure that the studies of the undersigned would not be interrupted! The bison did not want any truck with helping the business of the herd; it just wanted to be left in peace to ruminate and chew its cud.

Another transformation that was performed on Lamb's original document was the metamorphosis of any reference to "elections," into a form, "lots." Except for the Wasserman contingent, the Assembly was unanimous in its resolve to abolish the machinery of canvassing, electioneering, and voting.

The idea of the lot is, to some people, a strange one. A student at Davis once said, "I hear you put the names in a hat and pull one out — what was the idea behind that, anyway?" It came, originally, from the polis of Athens, where the Council of the Five Hundred was chosen by lot from among the citizens. The greeks had some justification for their procedures, as they believed the gods controlled the outcome of the lot. Cowellites had no religious basis for this system, but anxious to avoid the high school popularity contests in which the prettiest face won, they saw in the lot a neat solution to the problem of selection without election.

There was one other central concept, in addition to Town Hall and lot, which was innovative in the student government, and that was the idea of petitions. Originally petitions were provided as an alternate route to the normal procedures, for calling Assembly meetings or getting items

on the Agenda, and for recall of derelict officers. Here again the Assembly found it necessary to protect itself against seizure of power by ruling cliques. The other purpose for which petitions were used, and it is this procedure which has survived through all four years, was for membership on the Agenda Committee.

This unwieldy committee of ten members under the DSO was responsible for calling meetings and preparing the Agenda. Note that it was not a steering committee. In order to be considered for the committee, an Assembly member had to submit a petition signed by ten percent of the students and ten percent of the faculty. The idea was that in order to qualify for the post, a student had to exhibit some degree of energy and enthusiasm greater than that required to scribble his name on a list.

This then was the fledgling democracy of Cowell College — all business to be conducted by the interested members of the Assembly, secretarial duties to be carried out by the Agenda Committee, ad-hoc committees to be formed as needed. There were two other standing committees, operating under the provision mentioned earlier (re-selected each quarter, with one person to continue it); the Moderator of the Assembly was not a permanent officer but was to be chosen anew for each meeting, and the Panel of Living-Unit Representatives (the trailer bosses) had been eliminated as unnecessary. Not surprising, considering that no one ever seemed to have a very definite idea of what the Panel was to do.

The bickering attendant upon the adoption of the provisional Constitution had been resolved; a form had been established; the members of the Cowell Assembly could get down to the business of the College. The question at hand is simply this: What was the business of the College, how was it conducted, and how did that grand structure, subject to the limitations of its members at which we have already hinted, function as an operating system?

The Assembly began the winter quarter with an astonishing and prolific energy. A meeting was called almost imme-

diately to consider a number of proposals, among them a document prepared by the Student Conduct committee. The somewhat grandiose opening statement of this document reads as follows:

> "The Student Conduct Committee proposes that the way of contributing to the bettering of natural communication among the members of the Cowell Community lies not in the making of rigid rules and regulations to protect people from one another, but rather in the framing of guide lines to help individuals confront each other in their diversity and profit from their differences. Therefore, this committee submits the following proposals:"

The first of the somewhat anticlimactic proposals appended to this grand sweep of prose was a resolution that men and women could inter-visit until ten o'clock on weekdays and midnight on weekends, presumably so that both sexes could "confront each other in their diversity." Yet bolder and more significant legislation — a sign-out provision for weekends away, a sign-in provision for trailer visitors, a resolution that the lounge trailer be kept clean and quiet, one likewise for the gazebos ("at least one light [shall be] kept illuminated between the hours of dusk and dawn.")

Social regulation did not comprise the only business of that first January meeting. Three committees were given mandates, the Agenda Committee, a Financial Committee to make a budget for the spending of a particular fee paid by students to the University, and a Committee on Higher Education (spurred by a request from Speaker Jesse Unruh for a report by the Santa Cruz student government to the State Legislature on the students' view of higher education). An Arbitration Board to settle student disputes was established. (What kind of disputes? No one now remembers. And the Board did not have the power to make binding decisions.) There was to be a Student Security Patrol to monitor off-campus non-university visitors and a resolution was passed supporting that unfortunate relic of another age — the honor code.

Did any of these resolves survive this first surge of initiative? The Student Security Patrol, like the Arbitration Board, disappeared in the misty miasma of general malaise. The CHE's report was dispatched and received a form letter from Unruh. The Agenda Committee did indeed hold meetings and post agendas for two or three more Assembly meetings in the course of the year. The Financial Committee prepared a budget and presented it to the Assembly at another interminable meeting for consideration and amendment, which budget bore lamentably little resemblance to the actual needs of the College and suffered an ignominious fate once passed. The fifty or so Assembly members responsible, promptly forgot their resolves; no one else had even heard of them. The feeble efforts of a few concerned Cowellites to prevent total anarchy in the trailer settlement, to admonish those freshmen who emptied the fire extinguishers and removed the salt and pepper shakers from the Field House to the tennis courts, were a far cry from Community government in the grand tradition of the Greek system and the New England town meeting.

The models from which the idea of the "Assembly" was taken were functioning communities, with established modes of social interaction, in which the individual members felt a real commitment to the community and to the system by which they governed themselves. Cowell 1965 was quite a different matter, thrown together all at once, with all the diversity of our backgrounds and expectations. If there had been a strong sense of community — and yet what California 17-year old knew in pre-hippie 1965 what "community" meant? If high school government hadn't been such a flop, if the original Assembly meetings hadn't been so wearisome, if we really knew what we wanted to do . . .

It seems silly, in this activist age, but that last question is perhaps the most telling. Cries of student power and curriculum reform were unheard of at that early point — as they might be, for there was no curriculum to be reformed. But it never occurred to us that Academics would be the name of the game, that there, in the real business of the University, students might play a meaningful part. The

question was often asked, "Why have any student government at all?" And there were only two reasons — the spending of the student activities fee, some fourteen thousand dollars a year, and greater privileges in the living situations. Until the fall of 1968, the only issue which had consistently rallied the undergraduates was that of intervisitation.

The fate of the fine resolutions of that first "business" meeting is depressing enough, but the subsequent chronicle grows even gloomier. The ardent efforts of a few activists could not make the elephantine Assembly light as a hart; the good intentions of the various committees were likewise inadequate. Ironically enough, the difficulties the whole government labored under had been predicted in an anonymous flyer circulated the night of the great Constitution meeting in October: "We are now faced with a series of proposals for a government which is remarkably like that of a high school: bureaucratic, cumbersome and rubber-stampish. The proposed government would employ well over 100 persons each quarter in its direct operation and would make no challenge to the autonomy of the administration . . . a hastily conceived and ill-fitted government."

The "ill-fitted" accusation certainly applies — the scheme was far too grandiose for a college of six hundred students, an Assembly of seven-hundred members. And it all came out of a desire to avoid rigid bureaucracy! "Hastily conceived" is another matter. In spite of the almost total flop of the system that first year, three of the central ideas (town hall, lot, petition) have survived, though in modified form, to the present, and it is doubtful that any greater amount of preliminary deliberation would have foreseen the difficulties of the system, or come up with any more viable alternatives. The bogies that frightened us were far removed from the actual dangers we faced.

Be that as it may, there was a small group of students actively concerned with the problems of the infant government, and that was the Constitution Committee. These hardy souls had circulated petitions in early December, had their names drawn out of a hat, and begun their deliberations. Within a week of the beginning of the Winter Quarter, it

became apparent that at least half the committee could not bring itself to prepare a Constitution consistent with the Draft Standing Orders; although amenable to the idea of an Assembly for matters affecting the whole community, they felt the Draft Standing Orders were basically impractical.

As the Assembly meandered down the primrose path, the Constitution Committee split in two, each half began working on a document, one to be fully consistent with the Draft Standing Orders, one differing in several important details. The first, Report A, was ready by the end of the quarter; a second version, almost identical except for an elected Executive Committee, was transformed in April by a group of frustrated Juniors into Report B, a five-page marvel. "A" was a model of pith and economy, barely two pages long. One of the Committee members recalls that at the time she had been reading Strunk's *Elements of Style*, and "I wanted to make it as concise as possible." Report B was quite another matter. "A" may have allowed too much flexibility, "B" didn't allow enough. Exceptions ("Members of Assembly not to include those who have not paid the Student Activities fee"), percentages (¾ vote to fill vacancies, ⅔ approval of Executive Committee on Chairman's appointee), and the intricacies of every committee function and every official's duties were set forth with painstaking scrupulosity. The whole thing was amazingly elaborate (five standing committees — Cultural, Student Affairs, Finance, Academic, Social), and what was worse, it called for elections. However, one must remark upon at least one subtle irony of the tortuous course of this history. One of the central features of the Report was eventually incorporated into the final Constitution — The Executive Committee, very similar in form and function to the present Provost's Advisory Committee.

Let it not be supposed that this particular branch of the government was free from the hazards besetting the whole enterprise; the Constitution Committee meetings were as lengthy, as wearisome, as frustrating as all the other meetings of that first year. Some members of the Committee were committed, but others found themselves in a mediate

position; it was several months before the camps had solidly separated and identified themselves. Furthermore, the Assembly wasn't the only aspect of Cowell life with which the "B" people were dissatisfied; at the end of the year they made a mass migration to Stevenson college. "Let Cowell do its thing," Zack Wasserman remembers, "we want a chance to do ours." The whole business remains a distasteful memory for most members of the Committee.

Those Constitutions never did get presented to the Assembly, but with the exodus of almost all the Committee members, Fall, 1965, the college found itself free, at least of dissension between the two contesting groups. Those two Committee members who did stay with Cowell, though they found it impossible to agree on form, shared the same commitment to Town Meeting and lot. Gerry Stokes, who had been active from the first and was anxious to develop a government along New England Town Hall lines, took over the Chairmanship of the Committee and set to work with a new group of five to work out a Constitution. There was little dissension on major points, and by December it was ready; early in the next quarter the tortuous preliminaries were completed and a "definite document" adopted.

One is struck, looking back at it, by the curious mixture of attitudes and feelings attendant upon the adoption of that rather curious document. All the first year students knew the dismal history of the early attempts at "Town Meeting," yet the Committee members believed (one would almost say "passionately") that that form of government was basically viable; and the fifty or sixty Assembly members who attended the Ratification meeting and approved the Constitution believed it too. Were they merely tired of the confusion and struggle, willing to accept a dubious constitution because it was the one offered them? Those who did come to the meeting retained at least some shred of interest in the proceedings, though for most of the College it was a dead issue.

At the same time in which the Constitution Committee was holding weekly meetings and arguing over the size and function of as yet non-existent committees, another

Committee had begun meeting informally with the Provost and the Senior Preceptors. This group, called the "Provost's Advisory Committee," had been chosen the previous spring by lot from among the names of those who were interested. It was in fact the actual "student government" of the College; in the absence of any designated student representatives in the fall, the Provost took his problems to the Advisory Committee. There were the usual administrative problems, but eventually a Secretary was appointed and procedure went a little more smoothly; most of the decisions at that early stage concerned the physical plant of the College.

It was assumed by the Constitution Committee that when the new government was established, the Advisory Committee would cease functioning. In fact, no provision was made in the Constitution for any central group like the Advisory Committee, and in the absence of any effective substitute, that group continued to hold its meetings. The Constitution did provide for three Selectmen (the name, again, is of New England origin) who were to organize and coordinate the business of the Assembly, but they were to have no administrative or decision-making function. Technically the matters dealt with by the Advisory Committee should have been brought before the entire Assembly. It is not hard to imagine, however, the difficulties involved in asking a miscellaneous group of seven hundred people, each already caught up in his own concerns, to come together regularly to decide whether to have mirrors in the individual rooms of the residence halls, or what sort of furniture to get for the balcony of the dining hall. "Government by the interested" is a goal difficult enough to achieve, but government without any interest is impossible.

The irregularity of the situation — a small committee, not mentioned in the Constitution, handling the business of the College — was disturbing to those few hardy souls still caring about the fate of the "government." They rectified it by having the Assembly recognize the existence of the Advisory Committee without making it part of the legal structure.

This was one of the few official acts of the Assembly

that year; interest was so low that at one meeting, the Caucus to approve candidates for office, the total body present consisted of the candidates to be approved and one "interested" member.

The situation remained unchanged in the third year; the PAC, again with Mike Fresco as Chairman, met weekly with the Provost, and the Assembly continued to do nothing. This was due in part to the lethargic leadership the gods (by means of the lot) had given the Assembly; there was even some serious talk, near the end of the year, of impeachment.

The situation was a fairly dismal one. The skeptics who thought the lot was a crazy idea said, "I told you so," but the few believers still retained some hope about the ultimate fate of the system. And indeed, in the Spring of 1968 the gods did smile upon the Cowell College Assembly: The Great Lot yielded three fairly conscientious and responsible Selectmen. Their first task was the revision of the cumbersome Constitution adopted eighteen months previously. Its most remarkable feature (apart from its brevity — one page, it was) was the incorporation of the PAC into the governmental system.

This particular proposal was not widely contested, and indeed it may seem quite innocuous to one not familiar with the vicissitudes suffered by student governments. By adopting it, however, Cowell abandoned the normal American model, in which faculty and students are regarded as separate (and to some extent hostile) groups, and created a governmental body of eight people, five students and three non-students — the Provost and the Senior Preceptors.

The chairman of the Committee is a student. Most of the matters dealt with in the Committee are student concerns. The Assembly of the whole College is the final voice, and there have been occasions when Assembly meetings have been called to reverse decisions of the PAC. By and large, hoewever, the Committee has been able to handle both immediate and long-term problems fairly satisfactorily. The system is a particularly fruitful one in a small college, where the Provost is the final voice on many student matters anyway; having him as a member of the Committee ensures

that he is in touch with student concerns and at the same time makes the students aware of the hard facts of the University's *modus operandi*, with which the Provost must contend.

There was one other development in the fourth year that was equally radical, and the faculty was responsible for this one. While students at other schools were agitating for a voice in curriculum, student taught courses, and general student involvement, the Cowell Faculty moved to incorporate students into all committees where their presence would be relevant. The student and faculty branches of the Curriculum Committee were merged; the PAC selected students for other committees, and the three Selectmen were invited to sit on the powerful Executive Committee. Students are allowed to attend and speak in the Faculty Senate, but they are not allowed to vote. This appreciable increase in student participation will probably not have an immediate effect on the operation of the University other than to pacify local radicals. But within a few years it will be of major importance, as it will indicate whether or not student involvement in the running of the University is feasible. The consequences may well extend beyond the UCSC campus.

6 *Rebirth*

If enthusiasm marked the college's first year, a growing loss of innocence characterized the second. The students who first came to Santa Cruz in the Fall of 1965 were confronted by the discrepancy between their dreams and the reality of the place. Lured by promises of an intellectual utopia, they found only a chaotic sea of construction. But form came from the chaos and a community emerged from the void. *Fiat lux*. Those who returned the second year encouraged a similar contradiction, this time between the memory and the reality As the rational products of an enlightened age, they knew that things would be different, would always be different, from the way they had been. But the unconscious self is not governed by reason; and so the expectation that the second year would be a continuation of the first was unavoidable. And so was the disappointment for, during the intervening summer, many changes had taken place, not all of them for the better. Instead of the dirt paths and temporary housing to which they were accustomed, they found asphalt and concrete. And, as chaos is more malleable than concrete, so is the dream more malleable than the memory. To a nineteen-year-old the future is always in doubt while the past remains inviolate, preserved as if in amber. Thus the conflict of past and present is all the more brutal, and the task of reconciling the two is all the more difficult.

The most obvious, and perhaps the most significant change was the physical. During the first year some 500 undergraduates had lived, in varying degrees of discomfort, crowded together on a small field, in flimsy house trailers. While there, they shared the same plane, spiritually as well as physically, and that pioneer equality was an important bond for the incipient community of scholars. The hardships were many, from flies and dust to mud and leaky roofs, faulty plumbing, lack of ventilation, and, especially, lack

of privacy. Yet, again, these privations served to enhance the feeling of unity and the sense of purpose. And if one ever doubted the purpose he had only to lift his eyes up to the hill where wooden molds and steel girders heralded the rise of Cowell College. It would be a place of beauty and tranquility, a just reward for a year of suffering; today's inconveniences would be forgotten. Something substantial was at least in sight, and tomorrow could only be better.

Cowell College has been described as "cold concrete blocks, regularly punctuated with rectangular windows and saved only by the red tile roofs." Perhaps an unjust appraisal, but so it appeared to many of its first occupants. There was a certain aloofness and sterility to its white exteriors and naked courtyards and the areas designated as lawns were merely roped-off sections of topsoil. It obviously was not the Promised Land. But probably the architects had done the best they could with the funds available. The intention had been to keep the style simple enough so as to avoid competition with the grandeur of the natural setting. And the facades were deliberately allowed to remain neutral and unadorned so that time and the elements could blend the buildings into chromatic harmony with the landscape. Such was the goal, and although at first at appeared a failure, two and a half years of landscaping and general puttering have mellowed the college and alleviated the feeling that man has once again stepped on Nature's toes. To the visitor, the redwood-shaded lawns and paths are inviting and the buildings do not demand attention. But to the resident, that is not enough. The college is his home and therefore the amenities of his actual living space are more important than mere appearances. It is there that he desires an atmosphere more conducive to his private or semi-private pursuits.

The primary locus of Cowell College is an open courtyard of pebble and concrete, its three levels joined by broad steps. The middle and largest level is dotted with benches, tables, and various pieces of student-and-faculty-fabricated sculpture. On the upper level lies the two-story building which houses faculty and administrative offices and classrooms. On the eastern side of the courtyard is another build-

ing containing a student lounge, several activity rooms, and an art gallery. Blossoming out, this building becomes the College dining hall, which shares kitchen facilities with adjacent Stevenson College. On the lowest level of the court, to the south, is the college library, built and stocked by donations. To the west, rising behind the Provost's house, are the student residence halls, all named after famous American historians, in tribute to the Provost's devotion to history. Turner, Morison, Beard, and Parrington Houses form a rough quadrangle, the center of which is a steeply sloping lawn, while behind and to the north, Adams, Prescott, and Parkman Houses and the back of Morison form another quadrangle facing redwood trees and more lawn. The residence halls are either three or four stories and contain forty to seventy undergraduates each, one third in single rooms and two thirds in double rooms. Every other floor has a lounge for studying, playing bridge, or other games. In addition, on the bottom floor of each dormitory is a self-contained apartment for the Resident Preceptor, a combination tutor, policeman, and moral guidance counselor, who is either a graduate student or faculty member.

In designing Turner, Parkman, and company, the architect adhered to the canon of simplicity, aesthetically and financially — in all, a laudable feat. Yet, with the interior, simplicity became austerity, and something of domestic comfort was sacrificed. As one student remarked, "this place should be called the Folsom Motel; it looks like it was intended for transient ascetics." It was, indeed, difficult to call such a place home. And so, many formerly enthusiastic proponents of the Cowell Community began to question the concept. There were several factors to be considered, both for and against on-campus housing. For one thing, the financial expense of living in the dormitories is somewhat greater than that of living in town. Since Santa Cruz is a summer resort area, many houses and apartments are available during the school year for monthly rents of less than $100. Campus housing is more convenient, eliminating the need to cook, wash dishes, clean house, commute, etc. Yet food service meals range from unexciting to disgusting, and

many students are willing to shop and cook for themselves if they can then enjoy better and cheaper food. Another, and for many the deciding factor was that of freedom and privacy — freedom from bureaucratic regulations and freedom to engage in activities (sex, drugs, and bare feet) not approved of by the college administration, privacy from the noisy antics of one's compatriots. In the face of such evidence, a considerable number of students elected to forsake the life of the community of scholars, and Cowell's second year saw a large exodus of dissatisfied dreamers to Santa Cruz, Felton, Aptos, Capitola, and other outlying areas. Most of these people were effectively divorced from the community, for if one resides some ten or fifteen miles from campus he is somewhat less likely to participate in its activities than if he is there 24 hours a day. And since, in general, it is the older students who choose to leave the fold, their absence creates an imbalance which, in turn, removes the opportunity for the transmission of experiences from one class to another. This flight was tolerated (somewhat sadly) though it meant a separation of some 40% of the enrollment from a direct involvement in the community. It was the denial of community, or at least a great part of it, for the affirmation of self. The actions of this portion of Cowell indicate that they had pretty much abandoned the ideal, but at the same time they were still a part of it, even without acting. They could easily have transferred to another campus, but they didn't. There was still an attraction to the place — a place that would tolerate heresy and would still care. Many who did leave came back, and more will; they have sunk their roots here. It is as unconscious as the homing instinct in pigeons. Even in the seeming denial of Cowell these people affirmed the values of the community by being a (passive) part of it.

It was also during the second year that another major crisis began to present itself to the fledgling city on a hill — the use of marijuana and drugs. Throughout the first year there were some students involved in the drug scene (estimates range from 5% to 25% of the student body), but they were obviously in the minority and, for the most part,

were quiet about their activities. A year later, perhaps 75% of the student body had had some experience with marijuana, LSD, or amphetamines. This was hardly an unusual situation for any college campus, but for Cowell College it posed an unusual problem. Possession of these drugs is a criminal offense and penalties are severe; yet, for a great number of students, their use is an indispensable part of life, while others, not so committed, nevertheless see no danger in drugs and continue to use them occasionally. But the danger exists nonetheless, not so much to the individual as to the community to which he belongs. The subculture of drugs creates, in a sense, its own community, but it is an exclusive one. It results in a barrier of distrust between the majority of students and the majority of faculty members, in whom they can no longer completely confide. The lives of the student and professor became increasingly divorced from each other and another vital part of the communal experience was lost. Formerly, liquor had played a similar role for the student — simply a way to escape from the pressures of academic life. And formerly, it was quite easy for a student and his professor to sit down together over a pitcher of beer and discuss the work of Hegel or Freud. On the other hand, very few professors would feel comfortable sharing a joint with a student.

The move at the beginning of the second year from one living space to many, from a flat plane to four-storied dormitories, was concommitant with other divisions among the members of the community — some as obvious as the physical, some rather more subtle. Besides the influx of new students, unseasoned by trailer life, the whole body itself was split in two: Cowell and Stevenson Colleges now existed as separate entities. The feeling of having arrived after an heroic adventure tended to make the first-year people in Page Smith's words, "rather stuffy." This was the attitude towards the Stevenson faculty and students as well as the freshmen. Stevenson's tinge of green, shaded by a nascent inferiority complex, was somewhat ameliorated that winter by the presence of a large number of students from Cowell — a lot of which included any number of politico-ideological

discontents. The birth there was aided by this internal rebirth. The end result was a fairly close tie between Cowell and Stevenson (which accounts for much of the lack of rivalry, even kidding, between the two colleges).

Cowell knew its style would change, but the change would still be *en masse*; the returnees were quick to indoctrinate the newcomers. The enterprise would continue, with Page Smith at the helm.

Politically, as we have mentioned, Cowell went nowhere except into a limbo of disregard. As we shall see, celebrations took a still larger part in tying the college together. World Civ. loosened its bonds somewhat, but it was still a strong unifying force. But the rhythm had changed, and the college with it. In describing this new form, one is tempted to say "formal." There was a sense of time creeping in to supplant the non-structured atmosphere of the first year. One no longer languished in a trailer all night; there was movement instead of an almost primitive silence. Life became more patterned, dotted with minutiae. For one thing, there were more classes offered, and at different times; the community no longer spent all of its class time in the same places, or in the same pursuits.

The homogenous ebb and flow of students from Field House to Natural Sciences was gone; students had classes in Stevenson, classes in Natural Sciences, classes in Cowell. There was more diversity of opportunity, but diversity of itself precludes certain kinds of experience. Students began to pursue their own paths, to respond to their own designs. Even the emotional importance attached to the first year could not prevent a genuine and individual renewal.

The ties built up in the trailers continued to hold parts of the community together, but slowly the old circles became redefined; a friend would go to Berkeley to study architecture, another would drop out of school. And in large part it was a simple matter of pursuing one's own interest, drawing away from the camaraderie of circumstance and mutual involvement. There was more room for movement; the bonds of the community weakened. This was community in transit, adapting, splitting, redefining, all in accordance with some

not too well-defined notions about community and involvement. How subliminal those ideals were we can never tell you. When we thought it was gone it was still there, a faint thrumming of certain chords that dictated (or at least guided) much of our behavior. It was not the community we had envisioned — but who among us knew what the others had dreamed of? Somehow, something real was growing, in spite of our ignorance — as may be seen in the way even the non-believers could believe in the ideal.

"All farewells should be sudden"

-Byron-

The third year was a long pause, almost a cessation of change in Cowell. The main reason was that everyone left. Those who could or would, took a vacation from school altogether. There were several reasons, but the primary one was a touch of weariness. The first two years had been hard in many ways, but the third promised to be tranquil. Many of the faculty felt it would be a quiet enough time that they could afford to take a leave of absence. Some did this for the entire year. Page Smith took a quarter off to write on the role of the women in American history which somehow included a trip to Italy. Students either took a quarter off or went to other schools for a spell. For the students it was a weariness from fourteen years of clockwork school attendance, along with the generally prevalent need for a year away from Cowell. The result was a totally featureless and uneventful year. Classes went on with varying degrees of smoothness, politics disappeared, the celebrations were a natural part of the pattern of events. There is a striking difference between that year of relaxation and the fourth year. The third year saw the arrival of the long term view, a change in the rhythm and orientation of the college. It was no longer necessary to make snap decisions that would affect the form that was to follow. The form was there, and in some sort of working order. The fourth year that rhythm would be disturbed by graduation and by the reappearance of political consciousness, but that's a year away, still, in this

narrative. The third year stands sharply contrasted to the others; it is an island of serenity. For a while Cowell was arrived. It was safely harbored in the snug security of uneventfulness.

But here she comes, in the calm harbor of whose gentle breast, my tempest beaten soul may safely rest. —O, my heart's joy, whate'er my sorrows be, they cease and vanish on beholding thee. — By this one view all my past pains are paid, and all I have to come, more easy made.

-Dryden-

When everyone returned that fourth year to Cowell, it was to find the old metaphors rather battered. It quickly began to return to the sphere of events and action. Cowell had departed — again. In some ways it was a return to the action-laden but rather insecure first year, a return to problems and how to solve them, a return to cloudy futures. The campus as a whole now contained two thousand plus students, quite a mob compared to the original number. This group started right off by breaking into groups — students from Merrill or Crown; SDS members; blacks; "old-timers"; apathetics; Stevensonians; etc. The unity of UCSC disappeared under a new wave of variety and color and confusion. It was a revitalization from the injection of new blood and a re-examination of the holy Cowell. Themes from the outside world had infiltrated their way into paradise, and there was trouble. Anti-establishmentism had crept in, the draft was an object of sharper scrutiny, the Third World Movement came to town. It was the time the campus radicals had been waiting for (both of them). Most importantly, it was a year of self-scrutiny, a re-examination of that most important element, style.

When you've lived in a place long enough, or spent a lot of time with a specific type of group, you inevitably absorb part of its life style, its world view, its orientation. When you are forming the group in which you will live,

you are even more aware of the necessity of style, for style dictates how one will act. If you lack a clear reason for acting (and any new venture begins in doubt about its goals, which can make movements hesitate) the act itself must supply the motivation. At Cowell the style *is* the act, for we are trained to disbelieve, to cope with the constant changes that increases of sophistication bring. We can do so only by expecting change, by accepting the tenuous nature of life. In the face of a featureless Nature that gives us few clues, we can either act or not act. To act is to accept doubt. One must flow with life, that is the only way to understand it at all; but such knowledge must remain sensed, it cannot be structured and deified. That is the true ideal of Cowell — a sense of history's rhythms, a realization that to form history one must understand rhythm with its attendant change. Cowell moves. The goals are not too important; they serve as a guide for our present movements. Their attainment is beside the point. Cowell is not exactly what anyone wants it to be, but as long as it keeps its movement, avoids becoming didactic and sure of itself, it lives.

The fourth year is an example of this continuous movement. The tools were supplied, this time, by the external environment. There was a lack of serious internal problems, but the mood was upon the campus. If there are no local gods to question, bring them from out of town. By the middle of the year the outside had some chinks in its armor, or rather chunks from its flesh. This quickly justified the intrusion of the world on Walden.

During the first few months the SDS and the newly formed Third World Movement felt out their roles in the University. Outside events were coming to a boil as various colleges throughout the nation tore themselves apart. Students sometimes made themselves obnoxious, they sometimes acted with the style and grace necessary to attract any large following on campus. Most students outside these groups were wholeheartedly in accord with their stated beliefs, and perhaps even with some of the means. But the typical (Cowell, at least) student pictured himself as

maintaining a slightly reserved position on any question, remaining delicately poised and well informed, but avoiding any rash action.

The chief cause which caught the attention and energies of most students in the fourth year was the push to establish the forth-coming College Seven as a college which would teach the Black Experience. In the opinion of just about everybody, that college should be named after Malcolm X, who for an ever-increasing number of blacks had become the great martyr to self-determination and freedom in our era, and a symbol of their quest for identity. Almost as soon as the year began, steps were taken by members of the Black Student Alliance and activist whites to involve the campus in the issue. The interest and involvement they sought were immeasurably enhanced by the fortuitous decision by the UC Regents to hold their October meeting at Crown College, UCSC.

On Thursday, October 17, some 1,000 students, 20 faculty members, two horses, the campus guerilla theatre, and a pig marched from the Cowell Circle up the hill to Crown in support of three resolutions. The first and foremost of those was the calling for establishment of Malcolm X College. The marchers also backed the demand, formulated by Rich Townsend (of the Black Students' Alliance) and Ho Nguyen (former Campus Representative, now Inter-College Board chairman), that the University support the grape boycott then being staged by the United Farm Workers of California. Lastly, those marching asked that the Regents rescind their ruling against Eldridge Cleaver at Berkeley which limited the appearance of guest lecturers in any course offered for credit. It was asserted that this was an infringement upon academic freedom and jeopardized a number of student taught courses at UCSC.

While parading, the demonstraters chanted "Freedom Now!" and "Huelga!" (the United Farm Workers' strike cry).

At length, students jammed the Crown Courtyard, just outside and around the Dining Hall in which the Regents were meeting. A rally led by professors and some of the activists took place. Ho Nguyen, to the cheers of the throngs

in the courtyard, walked into the meeting to present the three resolutions. When he emerged he informed the crowd that the Regents had thanked him "for his nice presentation," but added that they could not be sure when they would take up the resolutions. The crowd almost instantly turned bellicose. Students came to the podium, alternately praising and damning legal or orderly action under the circumstances.

Provost Smith spoke from the edge of the courtyard. He lauded students for their positive activism but said that the Regents would certainly not be able to act at once. Professor Noel King of Merrill arose to call for a moment of silent meditation.

Attired in a shirt which roughly resembled the American Flag, Professor Ralph Abraham called for dispersal of the students assembled. In the next moments, however, chaos erupted around the main entrance to the dining hall. The door had been briefly opened and some students stormed it, refusing to let the security guards close it again. In the shoving and jostling that ensued, one girl was pushed past the guards into the building. Rumors circulated that she had been suspended and more students surged to the door shouting "No suspensions!"

Professors Rose and King made their way to the door and tried to control the students. But the tense scuffle continued until it was ascertained that the girl was not in fact suspended. In the melee, the Chancellor had verbally suspended her but lifted his decree when the predicament was made clear to him by Regent William Coblentz.

When the tension subsided, students were admitted to the last portion of the Regents' session. Throughout, there were short bursts of stamping, clapping and shouting obviously directed at the Regents. Bill Moore, an activist member of the Santa Cruz black community, stalked into the meeting. As though walking on stage, he was greeted by student applause as he loudly attempted to catch the attention of the Regents. He was ignored and amidst the racket, now added to by shouts of "Shame, shame, shame," the meeting was adjourned.

Later on Thursday night, at a rally held in the Cowell Courtyard, Regent William Roth announced that the Regents, caucusing privately, had decided to discuss at their next meeting in San Diego the proposal for Malcolm X College.

Although this victory had been won, there was still another day left to the Regents' Santa Cruz meeting. Governor Ronald Reagan and Superintendent of Public Instruction Max Rafferty, long objects of undergraduate ire, were to be there.

Students were particularly aroused by the Governor's attempts to get the University more directly under the control of the Regents. He had been recently quoted as saying: "I intend to propose that the Regents take over the University. It is now or never. Our asses are to the wall." Some knew that that day he was to propose an explicit resolution which would give much of that operational iniative he desired to the Regents.

Friday started off for the Regents with a bus tour around the greater UCSC campus. In the first volley of protest for the day, about a dozen students impeded the progress of that tour by sitting down in front of the bus. Although it took about fifteen minutes to dissuade them from their position (the burden of the dissuasion was carried not by the officials but by other students), nothing serious came of the incident.

The real commotion and turmoil commenced when, much later in the day, the Regents adjourned for the final time. The Regents, in a meeting marked largely by confusion, charges and countercharges, had among other things voted down Reagan's strict Regental control resolution. Just as they rose to leave the dining hall, the doors were flung open and students rushed in, swirling and surging about the Governor, who had already been surrounded by a wall of bodyguards. Some approached him trying to ask questions. Others said, "Talk to us." But he and his phalanx of guards pushed toward the back of the room, knocking down several students and Regent Fred Dutton, as they went. They disappeared into the room's annex for a press conference with the intention of leaving directly afterward. But

the dining room was by now jammed with students, vociferously demanding that Reagan come out to confront them. After a few minutes he did.

He was immediately asked whether he would justify his resolution and whether he was trying to involve partisan politics with the University. His lengthy answers seemed obtuse and indirect to many in the audience. He was again and again interrupted by those who thought he was trying to evade answers. At one point, apparently exasperated, the ever-present Gubernatorial smile vanished while he responded to a question with a shaking of his finger and, "Now look here sonny . . . " Shortly thereafter, having heard about a half-dozen questions, Reagan and his party abruptly slipped out, headed for their cars. Shouts and jeers followed them.

Santa Cruz' first major confrontation was over. But many still voiced doubts as to whether the school's big political sleep was truly at an end. For much of the year the question was easily debatable. Although some students participated in supermarket picketing over the grape boycott issue and others fasted so that those starving in Biafra might be sent emergency food supplies, it was generally difficult for activists to hold students' attention for significant stretches of time. Part of the problem lay with the activists' own inexperience in the organization and execution of student movements. Among those who were concerned and persistently active, the issue of the College of Malcolm X was the primary political focus of the year. When articles weren't being run in the *City on a Hill Press* or the Stevenson *Libre*, there were always times and places at which one could give of his money and/or energies.

But the day on which the issues, rhetoric and action most dramatically converged in the case of the proposed Black Studies college was February 4th. It was on that day that the TWPA (Third World Political Alliance), a rough conglomeration of the Blacks, Mexican-Americans and Orientals on campus, organized and carried off a campuswide boycott of classes.

In preparation for the boycott, a rally to explain views and plans was held in the Cowell Dining Hall. The spacious

room, choked hopelessly beyond capacity, had probably never seen more than the twelve-hundred students, faculty and scattered town folk who attended.

Several themes were repeated in the contributions of those minority students who spoke that night. Stressed again and again was the irrelevance of the present educational system to minority students. Also voiced was the vital need for the College of Malcolm X as both symbol and jumping off place for worthwhile minority education.

But the dramatic highpoint of the rally came when psychology professor Bob Buckhout invited the Chancellor, who happened to be in attendance, to join with the students, to become a "brother" instead of the "man in the middle." McHenry demurred, feeling unable to accept this offer with the claim that his role as liaison, bridging the gap between the campus and the Regents, was necessary if Santa Cruz was to continue. When pressed with an ultimatum for a definite statement on the College Seven proposals, specifically whether he favored the name, Malcolm X, McHenry declined to honor it with an answer.

To the surprise of some who had feared for the Chancellor's safety (most notably the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*), the expected disappointment of the crowd at his stance did not turn into violent outrage. In fact the rally, throughout characterized by a friendly spirit, ended rather tamely and anachronistically with the assembly singing *Blowin' in the Wind*.

Next day, as had been planned, student-led seminars, Alternate Education Workshops as they were called, were conducted in lieu of formal classes. The purposes of these were to educate interested students to the goals, frustrations and aspirations of minority students, to give them more information about minority movements in America, and to explore the role of students in determining University policy and curriculum. And of course, Malcolm X and the foundation of the College were discussed and rediscussed all day.

Late in the afternoon, the boycott climaxed with another rally, held this time in the Stevenson Dining Hall, loosely designed to characterize in rhetoric the spirit and purpose

of the day just past. Barry Fader, UCSC's cartoon Communist, spoke, as did professors Ralph Abraham, Bob Scholte, and prominent SDS leader and author Carl Oglesby. When it was over, a number of the rally participants adjourned to the Stevenson quadrangle to see Fader send a gallon bottle of Red Mountain wine crashing to the ground. The purpose of the raucous little ritual was to baptize the theretofore nameless expanse of cement as the "Che Guevara Plaza."

The boycott and rally, while not entirely successful, succeeded in inspiring positive activity on the part of the faculties of each UCSC college. In a joint resolution passed the week of the boycott they stated: "We believe that Afro-American studies can better be pursued at UCSC in the context of a College than in a Board of Studies. We therefore recommend that the emphasis of College VII be changed from (the officially proposed) urban studies to the study of minorities in the USA with an initial primary focus on the black minority." The statement went on to urge that the name of that college be the College of Malcolm X.

These two earlier episodes lost some of their original grandeur by the end of the year. But they were both typical of Santa Cruz's response to students' and professors' political and social anxieties. For it is important to understand that they not only led up to, but were similar in character to the more compelling events that followed.

What the Berkeley *Daily Cal* calls "Days of Blood, Nights of Terror" began on May 15, 1969, the opening skirmish of the Peoples Park Massacre. May 15 was a Thursday. For Cowell it was College Night, which was to be followed by an Assembly Meeting. The speaker at College Night was an unappetizing New York poetess reading her own pop imagery. "I am a glass telephone booth, why doesn't someone open the door and come in?" She was followed by a particularly dreadful assembly meeting at which students voted $2,000 for a communications cable because they like T.V. and radio and wanted to have only the best, i.e. San Francisco's KQED, KKHI, and Berkeley's KPFA. As the meeting dissolved in

general disinterest a number of students burst in, shouting about what had happened at Berkeley. "Fifteen people have been shot!"

As the facts became clearer and the issues were clouded, every student, and the campus as a whole, was plunged into crisis. The following days were filled with printed paper, loud words, mass meetings, and confusion. More students than ever before were forced to become uncertain, opinionated, and exhilarated by politics. A two-day strike was finally settled upon as an appropriate reaction. The faculty and a large majority of the students supported the strike. Because of this largely reasoned interest and involvement in the uproar Santa Cruz survived relatively intact. Obviously Santa Cruz was not the "riot-proof campus" which students accused the administrators of trying to plan. Student unrest and mass political action will be a part of Santa Cruz. This is inescapable given the idealism of students and the state of the world.

Cowell has often been chided and berated for its "political apathy." But perhaps the distaste which many students feel for mass involvement, for "social consciousness" and revolution, is not so much apathy as a Dickensian scorn for the Jelly-bies and Chadbands of our modern-day world. It is fitting that Berkeleyites gain a feeling of solidarity with their fellow-alienated students at noon rallies. But at Cowell College, Santa Cruz, it can only exacerbate one's feeling of alienation to see familiar faces, transported with crowd feeling, shouting "Right on!" and "Shut it down." Indeed, one of the greatest problems the strike leaders had was to impress on those who thought of themselves as individuals that they were indeed part of "the masses," that they existed in solidarity with Berkeley, that they had to aggregate and cohere with the "moderates" or the "radicals." Slogans were needed to rally Santa Cruz students, but it is not surprising that most, both radicals and moderates, while realizing the empirical necessity both for generalizations and for categories, nevertheless resented them. The Strike Existential Crisis became a common syndrome.

It is also telling that the Santa Cruz radicals were given picket line breakfasts by the Slater Food Company. The picket lines monitored by faculty members, meetings of faculty members, and meetings of faculty and students to try to understand the course and implications of the strike were a part of Santa Cruz's very personal response to the issues now confronting every university in the country, even in the world. In that personal response lies greater hope for solutions to our dilemmas than in all the movements of the masses.

Hopefully the enthusiasm that was generated by the leaderless following on the strike lines will not be confined to such impotent action in the future. Santa Cruz was created as a reform within the University of California system, but that reform did not end with the opening of a new campus. Rather, we hope, it has begun there. Cowell College in particular was meant to function as an inspiration for change in the academic world. If the faculty and the administration ever become content with Cowell as it is, Cowell College and Santa Cruz as a whole will be nothing more than ordinary.

7 *Alarms and Diversions*

Blame it on the Greeks. From them we get the word "school." In the beginning the word meant "leisure." Or the Romans. In Latin the word "campus" means "playground." Camp Cowell, so the College has countless times been called. A playground where it appears that leisure predominates.

"It infuriates me," says one student who has been here from the first, "to eat lunch at Cowell. It's as if no one there has any serious concern for what's happening in the world. Eat lunch at Stevenson and professors talk about the war or the cities. But go to Cowell and you only hear them worrying about costumes for the Greek festival. It's all too frivolous."

Indeed, from the very first, some people have been a bit chagrined at how heavily the aspects of celebration, festival, and play have figured in life at Cowell College. To others the emphasis is delightful and exhilarating.

"Working on this Celebration," says one freshman girl of her experience in a recent Cowell community activity, "I really got to know people. The walls between us came down."

To all who come here the almost ritualistic round of Culture Breaks, Renaissance Fairs, Market Days, Spring Things, Tie-dyes and the like is surprising. For if school once meant leisure to the Greeks, it has certainly come to mean just the opposite over centuries of Western Civilization. One thinks of "school" and pictures prolonged, regimented study and academically disciplined days. Or one might now think of "school" and simply envision a spot to keep warm between high school and marriage. But one's idea of school, of a university, rarely includes images of academically licensed leisure. Yet leisure at Cowell is not some stolen, urgent treasure. It is not sneaked around the backs of books or

tensely clung to like eggshell thoughts in intricate talks. It is often spontaneous, open, and initiated by the powers that be.

This communal play is something of an anachronism, for the rural rites of the Golden Age have disappeared, displaced by the aridity of mechanistic life in an exacting and inhumane world. When the small towns and villages began to dry up, their denizens being sucked into the cities, so did the gathering grounds and familial festivals evaporate out of sight. Most of the people who come to Cowell are geared to the rapidity and diffusion of the city. In the city, one lives amidst what David Riesman has called "the lonely crowd." Individuals in the cancerous "urban sprawls" have precious little experience that is shared. For fragments of moments only, in a football stadium or during a rare play or concert, do urban souls feel themselves part of a large bonded body.

So when the best community celebrations at Cowell are just over and sweetest, when students taste the delicious fatigue of shared experience, it is as if part of the diffused, distressed temper of city existence has been banished.

Witness, for example, the intense, often loving solidarity and sense of interpersonal unity produced by the Human Celebration of January, 1969. The Cowell Dining Hall was the site for a ritualistic, abstract drama-ballet staged to represent Birth, Death and Rebirth. It was crude and, because its players were students, markedly amateurish. But it was nonetheless so enthusiastically enacted and so compelling that the audience (if they willingly suspended disgust) became utterly involved and emerged people. Because many people went to it, the Celebration was somthing much of the community could share in the days and weeks that followed.

But sometimes such community events are unifying in concept only. Sometimes they end up as mere damply sputtering shows that students consume about as passionately as one eats soggy breakfast cereal. The life that celebrations

and festivities bring to Cowell is in the last analysis dependent upon the willingness of members of the community to dive into them.

But the urban life led by most students, and the submersion in news media by all of them, has given each a curse of consciousness. In varying degrees, all students are aware of the great and terrible particulars of the turbulent world they inhabit. With the consciousness comes the torture and exhilaration of wanting to be involved in it, wanting to work at making it better than it is.

So, to many, the playful aspect of a school far from the maddening crowd sticks in the throat. "Kids either feel almost a sense of sin about being here," says one Junior, "or they love it. All the community festivals and such are great fun to everybody at first. But after a while, some stop participating out of a kind of guilt. They think, 'Here I am enjoying myself while the world is blowing up!' "

"Of course the community is important," says a Senior here since 1965. "And it's good when the Culture Breaks and Human Celebrations bring people together. But Cowell emphasizes that too much. There's a hell of a lot more to the world than that. It gets depressing."

In these reactions rests a sad fact. Very little of what Cowell stands for and does, from the unity of the World Civilization core course, to the sense of community, to the festivals mentioned above, is represented in the world from which the students came, to which they will return, and with which they will have to deal when they leave this school. Yet, many of us in Cowell do not forsake our beliefs or our celebration.

The Culture Breaks

Johan Huizinga, in his book *Homo Ludens*, says, "The eternal gulf between being and idea can only be bridged by the rainbow of imagination. The word-bound concept is always inadequate to the torrent of life." Teaching us to bridge the gulf between our lives and our ideals is the

proper work of education. Our ideal is to give the imagination life, to infuse our lives and education with its vitality. And so we celebrate.

The Culture Break is the most distinctive form of celebration at Cowell. In it the fancies, tastes, talents, and imaginations of the community are exploited for the entertainment and edification of all. The original notion of a short break from study has been added to, multiplied upon, divided up, embellished, ornamented, formalized, informalized, made more academic, made less academic.

Play lies outside the antitheses of wisdom and folly, truth and falsehood, good and evil. Although a worldly activity, it has no moral function. As Huizinga says, "First and foremost all play is a voluntary activity . . . . The contrast between play and seriousness is always fluid. The inferiority of play is continually being offset by the corresponding superiority of its seriousness. Play turns to seriousness and seriousness to play. Play may rise to the heights of beauty and sublimity that leave seriousness far beneath."

In Cowell College there is a clear and explicit sympathy with Huizinga's notions of play. Life in the College is an attempt to express the fluidity of life that Huizinga speaks of without forgetting the necessary distinctions between seriousness and play.

It was in this spirit that Page Smith, Jasper Rose, and Mary Holmes, during the first quarter of the first year, thought to have a short break from study which would be enjoyable and entertaining. The first break was going to be a surprise. Mary Holmes in her full and colorful regalia would ride atop a horse led by Jasper Rose, who, along with her, would be tossing flowers hither and thither. They would ride into the Field House on a Monday morning and proclaim to all the eager faces awaiting Mr. Hitchcock to Arise! Arise! and cast off their books. The plan for a break did not remain a secret long enough and this fantastic spectacle never came to pass.

When the Break was formally inaugurated, there were no classes for the next two days. The exceptions to this were Mr. Larkin's Government class and a Chemistry 1A class.

There was a corresponding feeling among others of the faculty that Cowell did not have the tautness, tartness, and tension they believed necessary to an academic community, and they looked upon the doings as frivolous. The schedule of events for the first break included a note at the bottom that these two classes would not be cancelled.

The program for the two days was small in the light of the scale of subsequent breaks, but it was an enjoyable and substantial celebration. The faculty presented scenes from *King Lear* in the morning, and after lunch there was a debate on whether "King Lear's Madness is Heaven's Sense." That evening there were busses to Cabrillo College to see *Antigone.* The next morning the Stratford, Ontario film production of Oedipus Rex was shown. In the afternoon there was a concert, and in the evening the debate: "Resolved, that the Greek Way and Zeus' Eagles are Preferable to the Safeway and Lyndon's Beagles or, Resolved, that the Effluence of Greek Sobriety is Preferable to the Affluence of the Great Society." The debate was raucous, circumloquacious, trivial, pedantic — a perfect outlet for professors and students. The fact that the motion carried bore witness to the students' immersion in World Civilization. The whole two days were refreshing and fun — in short, a good idea.

This first "Culture Break," as these holidays came to be called, set the tone and spirit of those following, while the second set the style and format they were to assume on all future occasions — that of a three or four day weekend, crammed full with activities of various sorts, intended for both edification and entertainment. The planning of the second break, at the end of February, was delegated to Todd Newberry and Tom Vogler — Newberry, biologist, at that time the only Cowell faculty member with a butch haircut, Vogler, soft-spoken literature professor, who wore heavy Hemingway sweaters. It was Todd Newberry who proposed the original motif: How much can man know? and, How does he know that he knows it? In planning how to search for the answers, Newberry and Vogler enlarged the scope of the Break to deal with the larger theme of Doubt and Certainty — what constitutes each, and how they appear in

and affect our everyday life. The Break was to be centered on "something of overriding interest to the community," and was to subject the topic to careful scrutiny. Four days of examination from many and varied points of view, it was thought, would result in a valuable and enjoyable learning experience.

The Culture Break is not a philosophical investigation however, but a workshop learning experience. There appears an essential center, a crucial question, at the very heart of the Break; it is then embellished by serious drama, or the most light-hearted of outdoor games, by discussion, by building, tearing down, and rebuilding, by a celebration of the mystery we are attending, or by a pageant of color, of decoration, of banners and pennants, of music and song and dance. Entertainments, tournaments, a plumbing of the depths of the human experience in all of its seriousness, its tragedy, its frivolity, its laughter, its nonsense, its intensity, its logic, its magic, and its mystery.

The first Saturday of this second Culture Break was crammed with lectures. Mathematical certainty and degrees of certainty in the sciences, Dreams and Reality, Existential Certainty and Phenomenological Doubt. It was one of many beautiful Santa Cruz days. The sky was high and blue, the fresh clean air curled through the forest, weaving in and out of the sweet-smelling redwoods, and, with the sun, filled the courtyard between the Natural Science building and the lecture hall with a warm fragrance. The lectures were drawing to a close and students were relaxing in the courtyard in anticipation of the Madrigal Singers. Paul Rabwin, a musical wizard (as well as a glib, though at times insufferably corny MC), had coralled a sharp and melodious half-dozen students during orientation week, before classes had even begun, to sing the light and lovely madrigal airs which have subsequently become familiar to all at Cowell. Hundreds of people filled the courtyard as the madrigals made their debut. Rabwin had to run across the courtyard into a Natural Science classroom to strike the cue note through an open window on one of the only pianos on campus, and then carry it back to the group, who commenced a

brilliant and lively tune. The rapture and peace of listening to the Madrigals sing out of doors among the redwoods was a pleasure to be enjoyed again and again at many Culture Breaks and ceremonies to come.

In the afternoon there was a lecture on the Reality of Hallucination by Earnest Hilgard. And that night four hundred people crammed themselves into Nat. Sci. 3, occupancy 250, to see the film "The Innocents," based on Henry James' *The Turn of the Screw*. When the film finally arrived (for a while the projectionists were uncertain that it would) it appeared on the screen four feet by five feet. The already frazzled projectionist, Jerry Rosen, ran outside, rolled on the ground, and tore his hair. But all stayed for the film despite the size of the screen; someone said it was like looking at a mystery through a tiny window.

Sunday morning there was a dramatic reading of Dostoevsky's "Grand Inquisitor" by three of the Literature faculty. In the afternoon there was a lecture on music and then discussion groups on Religious Doubt and Theological Certainty, and one on the Uncertainties of Political Action led by Senator Fred Farr. That evening "The Big Sleep" with Humphrey Bogart put everyone in the mystery mood for later in the evening when ghost stories were read in a dark and shadowy Field House, illuminated only by the flickering of a lone oil lamp reflecting a few pallid rays of light on foreheads and cheekbones, casting a thousand eyes in deep expectant shadow. Nearly the entire community sprawled on the Field House floor as John Pierce read . . . Mrs. George T. Amis read . . . Jasper Rose read . . .

Monday morning there was a lecture on photography. James Houston, a local novelist, spoke on "The Writer's Place in the So-called Intellectual World." Bruce Larkin, a Government professor who packs his academic day quite fully, and who may be seen on a Sunday peddling efficiently up a hill, or racing furiously down one between the Library and Cowell, spoke that morning on "The Shadowy Shapes of Events and the Layers of Distortion: A Look at Looking

fellows only by their mutual physical propinquity. Few of America's gargantuan multiversities can hope to seize grains of unity, the precious peculiar few moments of school-wide cohesion, and nurture them into fruition.

One Page Smith response to this potential interpersonal diffusion at infant Cowell College was to create the College Evening. Each Thursday night the students of the school were to convene, in dresses and suits, for a served supper followed by some few Provostial remarks and a guest speaker or performance of some sort. Smith hoped to give rise to a ritual that would be accepted as an integral, regular event at Cowell. If ultimately successful, College Evening would be more than a weekly fact. It would be an intrinsic composer of a rhythm of life at the College. It would be a communal ceremony.

In an age in which, as Kerr says, "the University has become a prime instrument of national purpose . . . and focal point of national growth," the idea of ritual in a collegiate community may look like a trivial artifact from out of a European past. But it was Smith's notion that the coherence of a roiling conglomeration of undergraduates is as essential a function of the University today as any other imposed upon it. Ritual and ceremony are historically classical ways to attain coherence.

The first year, College Evenings were a fresh and foreign experience for the largely urban and ritually unaccustomed student body, not so much because of the nature of the event as because of the fact that the students themselves served dinner to their fellow students those Thursdays. The trailer complexes rotated the table-waiting and -clearing responsibilities. Such has not been the case since. The food services have taken over those tasks.

"I think the kids should still be asked to serve," says one senior, remembering the first College Evenings. "It would help them feel more the importance of College Evening. It might make them feel they belong to the idea of the night."

At the outset, there was little else the 500-odd Cowellians could do but belong to the Evenings. Those who resented the small formalities of dressing up for dinner and staying

to hear the speaker were in an unfortunate spot; there was no where else to eat. But the grumblings, it seems, were neither sustained nor widespread.

"Almost everyone responded to the ritual," says a student who was there. "There was little of the detached sophistication that set in later. People sensed its value."

Did they mind dressing up? "No," says one sharply. "We were straighter then." A first year girl makes this observation of some of the boys' ideas about dress. "There was a rumor that you were expected to wear a tie and jacket. So some of them wore ties as headbands or around the waist as belts."

When they were lucky, the students' Thursday night procession to dinner was accompanied by an ink-dark sky and wafer of moon, or the mellowing view of a scroll cloud sunset. When they weren't, they would put on their finery to the tune of an eternal downpour and have to clop and slog in the mud past rain-glazed trailers to the Field House.

Regardless of the weather the students entered and were served an ample dosage of Saga Food. A few each week were plucked from their tables by Page Smith to sit and eat with the guests at the high table. Dinner finished, everyone would sit back as their Provost made a few announcements and a comment on the state of the world. Then, with his eyes cast down a bit as he searched for words, a few fingers around his jaw, he would begin introducing the speaker of the evening.

"Every time he would start the introductions," says one, "you had to smile, because he would say, 'So and so doesn't really need introduction. I wonder whether it isn't a little foolish and inappropriate for me to give him one.' That's when you smiled, because he would always go on to give an introduction anyway. He would tell how he knew the speaker and give a small story about him."

"The introductions were things you kind of savored," says another who came the second year, "in a small, secret way. You expected them. You knew he would ramble a little but that was part of the pleasure somehow." From the be-

ginning, students recognized that the loosely organized, casually intimate Page Smith manner was indeed the tatooed style of the man.

Of the first College Evening speakers Provost Smith, who invited them himself, comments, "I suppose I asked too many women to come speak that year. Doing that, of course, made the girls not want to come. And maybe the speakers were too dry for incoming freshmen. But the Evening's changed a lot since then."

The first year saw many speakers who were to return to Cowell several times, attracted to it by its concept or its structure or its spirit. And for the most part the students apparently were attached to them. The speakers included poets Edward Field and Louis Simpson, critic Susan Sontag, Clark Kerr, David Riesman, Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy, experimental jazz musician Don Ellis, Helen Merrill Lynd, and H.D.F. Kitto.

Once the college had moved up the hill and into the permanent buildings, it became customary for the speaker, whether he was Bishop Pike talking about the decline of the Catholic Church or Christopher Isherwood speaking of his Berlin stories, to adjourn with interested students into the Cowell Conference Room or into the Cowell Library for discussion with students.

As is evidenced by the presence of Don Ellis on the list of College Evening attractions, the dinners were not always capped by speakers. Once in the first year and again in the second year, jazz innovator Ellis and a few musicians visited Cowell for performances during College Evening. The enthusiasm with which the man was received is perhaps unparalled. The standard performance time at the Evenings is one-half hour to forty-five minutes. "But the kids just wouldn't let him go," says one first year Cowellian, recollecting. "He played and played and then played some more." The performance went on for several hours with students wildly adament in their determination to have Ellis and his fellow musicians keep on going. "After a few hours, Ellis' drummer couldn't take it anymore," says another. "He slumped down and off his seat onto the mats on the floor.

He was utterly shot." Ellis came back during the second year and there was much talk about making his appearance regular. But he has not returned since.

The second year, whose Thursday night dinners featured such guests as Samuel Eliot Morison and film director Alexander McKendrick, also saw the inception of the nationality evenings. These began, exhilaratingly enough, with professor Paul Lee's Xenophanes Night, or Greek Night as it is remembered. The Cowell Dining Hall's normally upright tables were flattened onto the floor. Students were to eat like the ancients. Spread on the tables were apples, oranges, nuts, dates, grapes, cheeses, Greek olives, whole grain bread and honey. The students wore makeshift versions of chitons and chlamyses. The walls and windows were covered with quotations from Greek poets and philosophers. Paul Lee read Socrates.

That College Evening set a precedent. Response to it was so enthusiastic that the themes of a number of Thursday nights in the months and years to follow were organized by students to revolve about the food and culture of other countries. Involvement in the preparation for the particular evenings set many people to work together, and almost unfailingly sent tremors of excitement and enthusiasm through the college before and after they occured. Cultures and countries have been loosely represented in food, dress, music, dance, and drama during Cowell's short history on Indian Night, French, German, Russian, Mexican and Italian Nights. And on Chinese Night, students were divorced from silverware and had to attack their meals with chopsticks.

Subsequently Santa Cruz Colleges — Stevenson, Crown and Merrill, have made attempts to have weekly dinners like Cowell's. But thus far, for one reason or another, they have been largely unsuccessful. Stevenson's Fellows' Night and Crown's College Night are occasions, more often than not, for a swollen and clogged dinner line and dining hall at Cowell. Perhaps Cowell's weekly fete has whatever success it has due to luck, or accident, or due to those who seek continually to infuse it with vitality. Perhaps truly, as historian Johan Huizinga wrote in 1938, "We moderns have

lost the sense for ritual." Even Santa Cruz, the so-called ideal spot for academic community, may not in the end be exempt from that loss.

Student Publications

Student publications at Cowell over the first four years appear as a patchwork quilt of good intentions. From the outset two strains of literary spirit, the factual and the poetic, have struggled to survive amid an apathetic student community. It is no overstatement to say that a newspaper was unnecessary during the first year. Fact, fiction and all the gossip in between circulated across the college in a day, whether anybody wanted it to or not. That is to say that rumor as a means of communication had its advantges and its disadvantages, but in the circumstances of the first year it was unavoidable and added a dimension to college life which can never be repeated or recreated.

The first publication which did appear, *The Pioneer*, ("A Journal of Opinion," as it was called) was a collection of articles and essays rather than a newspaper. This bi-weekly journal, which began during the last week of the first quarter, was the alternative to a weekly newspaper which had been attempted earlier in the quarter. The five-man editorial staff (Steve Brown, Tony Mohr, Winnie Scherer, Zack Wasserman, and Neal Beutler) stated in the beginning that they intended merely to collect and publish articles of opinion. They promised to publish ten more issues over the remaining 20 weeks, and this they did with a responsible, though in the end well worn enthusiasm.

The articles that appeared in *The Pioneer* concerned themselves primarily with community issues, i.e. pass-fail, intervisitation, responsible government, the draft (including a burlesque of trailer life titled "How 'Burgie' Beat the Draft"). Probably the most recurrent theme and tone of these articles was rigorous and unrelenting self-scrutiny. The titles "Idea and Ideal," "Cowell College Democracy: Wide-Eyed Innocence," "Town Hall — Theory versus Practice," "The Experimental Culture," hint at the constant examination and criticism Cowell endured, from within as well as

from without, from its first days. It is evident that the students were self-conscious participants in an educational experiment, as concerned about its success and failure and the formation of the patterns and traditions of the University as were the administration, the State and interested educators everywhere. Page Smith describes the tone of life the first year as akin to trying to plant a seed and digging it up every other day to see how much it had grown.

Men, weary with self examination, must also sing. The madness and the despair (what there was of it) of the first year is not often recounted in the students' poetry. The magnificent natural world surrounding the college, the joy of a summer's day, the new loves are put to a freewheeling, self-consciously unlimited, and expansive (approaching diffuse) style. The popular notion is that life is art. Writing poetry therefore is valuable primarily as an experience of the moment. Passions find expression through spontaneity and only rarely anything more. This terse couplet might accurately generalize upon the immortal longings of this time:

Now!!
Wow!!

"*Wildflowers* is a journal of poetry and other things (anything any of you might want to say . . .) published whenever we can." For a year and a half *Wildflowers* embodied the poetical aspirations of Cowell. There was more, though, than spontaneity and a fascination with the moment. There was loneliness. But more than loneliness there was a tortured joy: "It is the cycle of tragedy" writes Joe Smith in the third issue of *Wildflowers*, "that I should use joy as the fag-end for these days that are lost in oblivion."

With the addition of Stevenson College in the fall of 1966, doubling the size of the University, it was felt that the school now needed a weekly newspaper. The resultant publication was certain of its role, that of unifier of the separate colleges. It was not so sure of its identity, which changed from the banal "Campus News," to the somewhat

more moving but measured "Fulcrum," and finally to the spirited *City on a Hill Press* (after Page Smith's book, *As a City Upon a Hill.*)

In the beginning there was a question as to whether each college should have its own newspaper or whether there should be one for the entire University, a decision which had to be made again with the issuance of a yearbook.

The *Press* fared fairly well its first year. News was news. There were a few regularly appearing commentary columns, "Let Us Now Praise . . . " by Rick Chatenever, and "Amidst the Tumult" by Zackary Sklar. There was a mushy and frenetic attempt at a poetic prose column, "White Rabbit" by Paul Mann. The cartoons were pedestrian, usually depicting some local controversy — pass-fail, the governor, etc. Few of the Geritol set escaped ridicule.

Midway in its first year, the *Press* sponsored a campaign to find a mascot for the University. The *Press* had no formal authority to initiate this project, but it cannot be overemphasized that the formal channels of authority were not yet established and the newspaper, (as well as anybody else) could do pretty much whatever it wanted unless it was prohibited. In light of the permanence of a school mascot the mascot project was a serious endeavor. The article in the paper (entitled "Contest to Discover what Kind of Creatures We Are") offered a five dollar certificate at the book store to the person who could best label the University for eternity. Creatures up for popular choice were muskrat, dog, mackerel, turkey, skunk, and phoenix. In a rather sloppy election which consisted of tearing up a ballot out of the paper and dropping it into an open cardboard box in the middle of the gatehouse, the students overwhelmingly voted for *no* mascot. Thus UCSC was launched mascotless into posterity — this for two reasons: 1) UCSC did not have a University-wide athletic program that needed a rallying figure, and 2) UCSC had an obligation not to tarnish its image with vulgar conformity. Cowell does have college colors; the onslaught of convention was not completely stemmed the first year. "Sky blue" and "forest green" were chosen (and "redwood brown" rejected). The colors appear on Cowell graduation robes and College lounge chairs.

The *City on a Hill Press* finished the year respectably, but only that. A tolerable and well-meaning news service, it endeared itself neither to the College nor to the University. Perhaps there still was no need for a University newspaper.

This lack of loyalty on the part of both the Cowell and the Stevenson communities allowed the *Press'* legitimacy as the voice of the University to be challenged the next year. Midway during the third year a Stevenson-based staff, mostly defectors from the tyranny and lack of taste of Alex Bloom, editor of the *Press*, began publishing *The Mariner* under the editorship of the chief defector, Gary Cowen. Wars become a little more understandable, if no more acceptable, when one is witness to the squabbles of those fighting for power, even if only for the power of a barely needed four page paper for twelve hundred students. The struggle, primarily for University money, which ended in a simple compromise (*The Mariner* became a redundant supplement of the *Press*) was characterized by a lack of cooperation on top of a dearth of good journalism.

But Pandora's Box was opened and no longer did anyone assume the legitimacy of a school newspaper, or take it for granted. This resulted in the sprouting of so-called underground newspapers. In what way they were underground was not clearly visible. The first of these were the Cowell *Rebel* and the Stevenson *Libre*. The *Rebel* was four mimeographed pages and a floating editorship. It prized most of all its homespunness, flexibility in times of crisis, and its lack of structure, a style more familiar than successful. The *Rebel* squealed out against injustice and lampooned figures of authority who did not tread softly on student freedoms. And then it died, having neither aided nor neglected, helped nor harmed anything of interest at the college. Like *Wildflowers* it entertained the college as long as sufficient interest to get it printed could be sustained, and then passed quickly out of the picture.

In the fall of 1966, Bill Scott began editing and publishing a literary magazine, *The Roc*. Its aspirations were clear and ideal. It could be said that the idealism of Cowell students, some of it naïve, some of it tempered, all of it in any case well meaning, is probably no more beautifully articulated than in the introduction to the first issue:

> We are searchers of legend. Somewhere ago the mighty waters launched us ashore, leaving us dazed and blinking and without knowledge of ourselves, antediluvians all. The tidewaters, in their sucking recession, stole away from us the original memory, and so we are delivered on the sandy boundary of land and sea, antique orphan children. Somehow our feet come to carry us and we are terrestrians, grudging acknowledgment that the weightless depths have rejected us and may never claim us again. Should we hear the rhythmic sounding of the homing command, we must not respond. And if the primal calling turns to mourning and pleas of recall, we may know an agony of distress and longing to melt back to the saline regions, but we can not. We are walkers and we have no home anymore.
>
> We are searchers of legend. The public imagination casually leads us down the back-alleys of Morpheus' libertine world and pleasantly strands us there. In sleep we first explore them. Happily sensual and innocent in sleep, we are neither when we awake with harsh regret at parting the unsophisticated dream places. When we awake to an alarm's stern admonition, we are betrayed. The night's great loves vanish, and we haven't learned to love well in the daylight. Perhaps a legend will help. We need something consciously fantastic to live in — we call our legend The Roc. It is our daytime dream, and we hope that in it we learn to love under the warm sunrays. We want to pull love from the serpentine back-alleys onto the broadest avenues, the lushest parkways. The Roc is a salvation . . . perhaps.
>
> We are searchers of legend . . . . At some chance moment of tomorrow, the inexorable pressures of reclamation will bag us and, our molecular structure rapidly decomposing, our atoms will be reassigned elsewhere, amen. But, before the lovely, deep waters do reclaim us we would have a legend: a mighty bird wings from an eastern twilight. The Roc is our father and son, and we feel timeless in such progeny. It is for dread of death that we conjure this legend.
>
> This is neither profound nor wise. It is our heart.
>
> It is our wish that you accompany us into this legend, a legend of our need.

The stalwart staff that put together the first issue of *The Roc* consisted of thirteen students. Five issues and eight months later the names of three diehards cramped a shrunken staffbox. The same malaise that plagued the *Pioneer* in its last days, that thwarted the loosely knit *Wildflowers* and *Rebel*, attacked and devoured *The Roc*.

Practically speaking the problem is a lack of good writing. But at a different level it is a lack of allegiance to an organization, to an idea, or simply to a group of people in common pursuit. *Wildflowers* and the *Rebel* were expressions of a free and unrestricted energy. But there is something missing from undisciplined freedom. *The Roc* was built upon an idealized vision in the mind of one person. But neither could it sustain itself. The former was uncontrolled imagination, the latter the ideally defined imagination. It is perhaps characteristic of the atmosphere of Cowell College that both aspects of spirit appeared and were given every chance for survival. Why was it not possible for at least one to survive?

The *City on a Hill Press* still publishes. It, however, has not yet managed to endear itself to the University community. How has it lasted while the publications around it have fallen away? The simplest answer might be convention. A University has a newspaper, right? Right. Twenty per cent of the entering freshman classes over the first four years have stated that they had been editors of their high school newspapers. One might think that this flashy piece of propaganda which appeared in the Chancellor's Memo, a newsletter to parents, might reflect some interest in writing

or journalism. This has patently not been the case. When a visiting faculty member balked at hearing the figure of 20%, a student replied, "Oh, once you've been in high school government and journalism, you've had enough." A sad commentary on California public schools, it bodes ill for journalism in the future.

The *Press* has no faculty sponsor. That a lack of talent and guidance might prevent the paper from ever establishing itself as an admired representative of the University community has not moved any one to any noticeable reforms. In fact, the Stevenson *Libre* has lately been gaining more and more followers by its relevant, controversial, and immediate enthusiasm. Whether or not convention is sufficient to sustain an institution in the University is debatable. The Santa Cruz campus itself provides some of the finest examples of both convention and innovation. It is more certain however that a re-evaluation and a revitalization of the newspaper at this time is necessary if it is to play a valuable, as well as informative role in the life of the school.

The Gazeboes

The first year students had just returned from Christmas vacation when the Chancellor and some other men were seen laying down planks of wood in patterns at various spots among the trailers. The arrangements seemed to be the bases for small houses. Each pattern was accompanied by a huge pile of cut lumber. Students gathered around, intensely inquisitive.

"The Chancellor told us that all the wood was for the construction of little houses we could use for study. Or to be away from the trailers in. Then someone took a few pictures. The Chancellor and the men left. And with some blueprints, we were left to our own devices."

Those "little houses" would become in short order the famous and at times infamous A-frame gazeboes. The University did not build the forty-foot by twelve foot structures. The students themselves, with the leadership of History Professor Richard Mather and local artist Al Diludovico, were the builders. Few of the freshmen were trained carpenters or builders. Few had built much of anything before college save maybe an unfloatable toy sailboat under the direction of a long-forgotten wood shop instructor. The students' concrete and lath and plaster origins in the cities had made many feel alien to the sight of loose lumber.

"It was a perfect example of everyone's middle class upbringing," recalls Paul Schoellhamer, one of the amateur carpenters. "Most of them didn't even know how to drive a nail. And whoever it was bought the wood was a flaming fool as well. A lot of it was green. It bent and buckled like crazy when the rains came."

Yet somehow, somewhere, someone knew something, because the gazeboes rapidly began taking shape. The intense desire of students to have somewhere to be besides the claustrophobic trailers and the stark Field House drove those who worked on them to get the gazeboes together and up as quickly as possible.

As much as everyone was grateful and relieved that the wooden retreats were going up, not everyone was willing to lend a hand. "A lot of people stood around with their fingers up their noses watching and waiting and grumbling at us to hurry up," says Larry Robinson.

But among those who participated, one senses that there ran an undilutable feeling of kinship. Talking four years after the fact, those who involved themselves in the project recall having had unusually deep reactions to it. "It was as if we were actually helping to build the school," says Mike Fresco. "I mean the gazeboes were just recreation rooms. But when you really build something, whatever it is, with other people, you always feel strong belonging to it and to them. In a way the construction was a lyrical time."

At various points, some members of the faculty came around to help the students bang the gazeboes into being.

Harris Freeman, who says that he has disliked almost everything about Cowell since, considers the building of the gazeboes a rare and particularly gratifying experience. "Everyone who helped felt really together," he says.

"Whether we were laying in a flooring or sitting shirtless out in the sun hammering on the shingles, we were all indescribably very specially happy making those things."

Every other trailer cluster had its own gazebo. Two of them were built in the above described manner and were of an A-frame design and two were essentially pre-fabricated, with easily-put-together quick-fitting parts. There were mainly just nailing jobs for those who worked on them.

At the conclusion of construction there were some materials left over. "My roommates and I built a little bridge over a small stream that ran near our trailer with some of the extra wood and nails that lay around," recalls Larry Robinson.

After the gazeboes were completed, the refuge-starved inhabitants of the Mobile Home Estates used them incessantly and for every purpose imaginable. For one thing, the gazeboes were the closest things to land-planted houses many of them knew that year. For another, a gazebo was welcome escape from the plastic confines of trailer life. It was records and dancing, it was reading or eating with friends, and it was a place for the unfettered and essentially unregulated mingling of the sexes.

Professor Bert Kaplan remembers walking near a gazebo with Provost Smith one night and seeing that the lights were off inside. They both went in to find out why. When they entered, they discovered. They stood near the door for an agonizing moment and then mutually decided that the only thing to do was simply to leave.

When the school came away from the field, the gazeboes were replaced by a more refined set of lounges, a game room and a commons room. No longer needed as student retreats, a couple of them were moved up behind Beard House and used for art classrooms.

The Treehouses

As you approached the school you could just see it if you looked closely. It was off the peripheral road some and

into the trees. It was the last remnant of freeflung childhood before the dubious adult civilization of the campus loomed up around the next bend.

The treehouse. It was raucously built in 1965 with that naïve and lusty, unsullied abandon that characterized the first year. And it was doomed by the regulation-infested administration, bent on making the world safe for bureaucracy.

Three or four trailer mates, quietly burning with the imaginations of latter day Tom Sawyers, sneaked about sometime during that first year, surreptitiously collecting small piles of wood and boxes of nails that "didn't look like they belonged to anybody" and hied them off into a small grove of trees near the entrance road. There sprawled upward a magnificent oak tree.

"It was a hell of a big tree," says Paul Schoellhamer, who was among those to throw the A-frame arborial retreat together. "I was almost afraid to go up a lot of the time. We didn't give too much care to the construction of the thing."

The students, who included Schoellhamer, Bob Armstrong, and Wayne Cartwright, made the smallest pieces of tree-nailed wood and hacked-out notches suffice for a ladder. Raw eagerness and tree scaling tenacity was supposed to make up for the insubstantiality of the perilous approach upward into the treehouse. The house itself was a wobbly, banged-together berth of planks in a cradle of thick branches some forty feet in the air. It could seat six people, more or less, and was "wide enough for two mattresses." It was reasonably raintight. During its history it was visited by many students and used for a wide range of activities.

"It was beautiful up there. You could see the whole city and bay. It wasn't too safe, but what the hell."

The administration didn't see it that way.

One day when a couple of its builders were cavorting in the treehouse and making spirited use of the house ropeswing, a campus security officer happened by. He demanded their names. The tree dwellers good naturedly gave him what he asked, thinking only that the poor fellow had ac-

costed them because he had nothing better to do. In those days the duties of the campus police were few, their jobs, perhaps to their frustration, only sketchily defined.

But before long it was clear that the officer, dispatched by the Administration, meant business. The four were sternly informed by Howard Shontz and Dean McHenry that their treehouse was a clear and present danger to the security and well being of the campus. Students could fall from it, they were told. And what-if-everyone-built-one? University insurance policies didn't cover tumblings from treehouses.

The three retaliated rapidly — they weren't going to be evicted with such pedestrian remonstrances. They set about making elaborate, formal invitations, to both Shontz and McHenry, asking the administrators to a tea party. At 2 P.M. on an appointed afternoon, the admonished builders would entertain and negotiate with the two most powerful figures at Santa Cruz, high amidst the planks and leaves. The invitations were made in jest, of course. So it was to their utter amazement that the Administration responded. The Chancellor and Assistant Chancellor would themselves be engaged, the reply said, but an envoy would be sent in their place. "It was a fantastic episode in Administration-student relations," says Schoellhamer. "There was Shontz' personal representative, climbing that tree in a business suit and sitting there with Bob Armstrong, drinking lemonade and eating cookies."

But even then there was no question as to how it would end. There was, of course, nothing to negotiate. How can fun be defended against the wearying assault of rules, regulations and insurance policies? The students were asked, not so sternly and formally this time, but forcefully nonetheless, to abandon their arborial refuge.

The treehouse was not torn down for three years. Over those years the many who came to know of its existence would sneak up to it when life became a bit too thickly planted with books or when the soul ran a little cold and one needed to feel care shorn and deep in youth again above the mundane earth.

Cowell College Competition

To anyone visiting the college the first year, it was readily apparent that the fledgling academicians were a competitive lot. Who could build and explode the best bomb? Who could do the best job of shortsheeting a bed? The struggle for primacy in these and other areas of endeavor went on fiercely all year long. Perhaps in response to this evidently bursting need to compete, perhaps in answer to the callings of more traditional modes of academic competition, several professors, of whom Mr. Werlin was the chief, devised what was known as the Cowell Competition.

In the Competition, students would do intellectual and artistic battle with one another, for monetary reward. "There's no money," Jasper Rose recalls having said time and again when events such as the Competition were planned. "We always threw up our arms and shouted 'Where are we going to get it?' But somehow, even though we were never certain where it was coming from, the money floated to the surface."

It was generally felt that the contests should be of no routine nature, just what students would be most apt to compete in. Categories decided upon were Natural History, Science Essay, Poetry, Music, Translation, Library and Short Story.

Of these the Music and Library competitions flopped utterly. Most of the others got enough response to be repeated the next year. The overwhelming success was the Poetry competition. That year, and in that contest, Cowellites were publicly to recognize for the first time the student whose considerable talents would both endear him to the College and make him its first Poet Laureate — James Biffle, first prize winner.

In the second year, with the ditching of the Music and Library prizes, several new categories were added. One was the Declamation Contest. In this, several oratorical talents were to deliver a memorized speech or dramatic reading from some cherished spot in world literature. The contest was to be played out during a College Evening late in the Spring.

Another prize introduced that year was the John Holmes Memorial History Prize, named after the father of Mary Holmes. The prize was to be given to the student who wrote the best essay about some period or event or situation in America within the 99 year span of his lifetime.

New the third year was the Calligraphy Prize, in which one was exotically and exactly to letter an English Sonnet of his choice. Lastly there was the Chancellor's Prize. This was simply to be an essay of determined length on a subject to be decided as the contest approached.

Of all the prizes, Poetry still gets the largest response. "Sheaves and wads come constantly wiffling in," says Jasper Rose of the contest. As to the others, the response is sporadic and unpredictable. Calligraphy will one year be a hot race only to fade out of the students' consciousness the next as Declamation gets the attention. It is hard to tell why this is. Perhaps students suddenly shed the competitive spirit when placed in a formalized prize-seeking situation. Perhaps it is because professors simply ignore the Cowell Competition and do not encourage students to participate.

The winners of the Competition are customarily formally announced at the Cowell graduation ceremonies.

The Dances

"I guess it must've been November of the first year. Paul Mann came up to me and said he and Dave Crook and a few others wanted to start a band and would I help them get going. And well, you know how it is. A star was born." Thus does Bill Dale recall how he became the "manager" of Cowell's first rock band, catalyst for the College's first dances. They called themselves the Stolmack's Six Pack.

They were not professional and they were not even very talented. But they had their instruments and knew that an active juxtaposition of guitars and drums is usually taken to mean music. So Paul Mann, Dave Crook, Jock Reynolds and Al Stolmack went at it that first year down in the Field House. Some week nights and almost every weekend evening they banged away, zealous and clangorous. Four men in search of a sound!

"They were only practicing," Dale says. "But people thought they were doing it for real. Almost every time the racket started in the Field House some people would begin dancing in the various nooks and crannies of the room. And they thought they were getting music!"

Eventually, the Flowers of Evil (as they renamed themselves) asked for and got permission to clear away tables in the Field House in order to give students the general impression that they could dance if they wanted to. Students responded hungrily. It was the only group which played for them. Many had long craved the chance to dance to a live band rather than to the scratchy detachment of a record player. Most, however, simply craved entertainment.

"There was a raw enthusiasm about those dances," says one who went to them. "Like at almost every gathering that first year, spontaneous or organized, people were glad for chances to have fun together. There wasn't any formal dating. Besides, there was no particular place to go. We all just clumped together."

The first organized dance of that year was the Halloween dance. It was the first deliberate celebration, the first major party. It was also the first time anybody at Cowell witnessed the fortune telling talents of Mary Holmes.

When the College moved up into the permanent buildings, dances were held in the Dining Hall. The Flowers of Evil, and its by now liquid list of personnel, had moved off to Stevenson. Some few professional groups came. In the winter of the second year, the Tutorial Project sponsored a dance featuring the Jefferson Airplane down at the Santa Cruz boardwalk's Cocoanut Grove.

But most of the dances and the best dances, many agree, were held that first year. Interest in such things, once the school moved up the hill, flagged considerably.

The Kite Fly

If you saw him from a distance on Fanny Hill, flying a kite on a clear day, you might think he was a student. Todd Newberry is short with short hair and walks with a simple and straightforward step. He is a biologist. Yet, he

has a rare and sensitive capacity to feel deeply the simple joys and the simple indignations of life. Because of these qualities it seemed appropriate that he should sponsor the second, and just barely the third annual Cowell Kite Fly and then discontinue them.

Like most enterprises of value at Cowell, the Kite Fly was essentially a one-man operation. Newberry intended the Kite Fly to be "something that was a catharsis of whimsy, which at the end of an afternoon would feel as though it had been going on for four days."

The first Kite Fly was called the Second Annual Kite Fly. "Who," said Newberry, "ever heard of a First Annual anything?" And so chroniclers of Cowell College will be forever in a haze, if they establish their chronologies by the annual Kite Flies, in the same way that student historians can't keep straight whether Quatrocento Venice was the 14th century or the 1400's.

The first Kite Fly was the greater of the two. The Largest Kite was gargantuan, 13 feet tall; the Smallest Kite was not quite microscopic, two inches by an inch; the Most Beautiful Kite was indeed stunning, a huge multicolored flower, and like fleeting beauty, its string broke and it ended up somewhere in Soquel. The Greatest Aesthetic Failure was a large red rose petal that never got off of the ground. And the Greatest Dud was a glorious and magnificent failure, twelve feet tall with a forty-foot long tail of balloons.

In the winter of 1968, Martin Luther King was assassinated. To recall this somber event amid a description of a Kite Flying contest may seem inappropriate, if not in bad taste. But Todd Newberry's sense of the rhythms, the tempo and the tone of public life were so upset that he could not feel responsible to the spirit of a Kite Fly. It was too late to cancel the Third Annual Contest, but Newberry had to say to himself, at least, that he could not resume them until the state of the world had become more congenial to the spirit of a Kite Fly. The Kite Fly was not a gap in the schedule to be filled by an organized event, nor was it therapy or a purgation of accumulated miseries. It was to be rather a bubbling-over of energies, a joyous celebration.

The year 1968 was one of misery, shame, and sadness. And so if there is a contest this year, (and the wind is always fair and clear on Fanny Hill in the Spring) it won't be sponsored by Todd Newberry. This is a unique and poignant response to the brutality of our times.

The Third Annual contest was on the whole not so imaginative as the second. Newberry said, "If you aren't just a little bit embarrassed to get out and fly your kite then you haven't been nearly audacious enough."

The idea of awarding prizes has been with Cowell from the start. It must be pointed out that the making of qualitative judgments, especially in the arts, but not by any means limited to them, is unpopular if not undesirable with many people. What is desired is no discrimination. The degree to which Cowell adopts this popular notion is thought by many to be valuable. It does indeed inject into College life color and spontaneity, qualities required of any living and meaningful pursuit, not the least important of which is the College itself. But the degree to which this notion remains seen as a popular indulgence attests to the strength, as well as the resilience, of the larger and more lasting view that certain qualities are distinguished from others as being more correct, of a higher aesthetic and moral value, of a greater meaning, and in the end, of greater truth.

Fountain Dedication

"The whole ceremony could have been dreadfully pompous. But you see it wasn't. It was informal and it was even a bit witty as well as being very cheerful."

So does Jasper Rose speak of the dedication, on October 15, 1966, of the Edna L. Scott Fountain. The ceremony, though not many remember, was also the dedication of Cowell College. The permanent buildings on the hill had just that quarter begun to be occupied.

Joan Ward, Director of University Relations, who had then just arrived at Santa Cruz, recalls the event. "It was one of the first times I had seen Page Smith in action. He managed to imbue the proceedings with his informality, his

utter simplicity. You knew that the ceremony had no precedent and that was much of the excitement of it. Here was something, start to finish, that was new."

Indeed the dedication had no direct forbear. It was slapped together in the days just prior to it by Page Smith and Jasper Rose, each putting elements he thought would be fitting — but not too proper. In this, as in all such events which the community would come to witness, there was quiet disregard for rigidity. There was a shucking of spirit-dampening formality. "Nobody knew, when he arrived for the dedication, quite what was going to happen," says Rose.

When Nancy Genn, a Berkeley artist who had temporarily given up painting and was concentrating on sculpture at the time, received the commission to design the fountain, she didn't even know that it would end up as a fountain. She was originally asked to design a small bronze sculpture for the library. While she was in the process of the preliminaries architect Theodore Bernardi wondered whether the bronze might not be moved outside and enlarged. This, of course, meant that the amount of money needed to finance it would have to be greatly increased. At that point there was only one donor who had promised just enough capital for the small indoor work. State money cannot be used for art objects. State financed embellishment of buildings has been out of the question since the end of the 1930's when the WPA came to an end.

Somehow, though, the one donor became many donors and all more willing and eager to move the sculpture outside. "So we developed a bronze that instead of two or three foot size is now at least nine feet, in the longest dimension," Miss Genn remembers. "The work began in wax, late in 1965. It took me five months. I did it in my garden in Berkeley. My whole desire was to keep in it a sense of nature. I wanted it to flow, naturally and easily. I could test the water on the wax, which was great because I could see the flow on the fountain."

Once the wax model was finished, the bronze casting could start. This was done in the spring of 1966. The

model was cut into 30 pieces from which molds were taken. The molds were fired in a kiln, cleaned and filled with molten bronze. After the pieces hardened they were returned to the sculptress. Assembly of the fountain took place over six weeks in the early summer. But the pieces did not go mechanically back into the places Nancy Genn had assigned them during the creation of the model. "There were so many choices to be made . . . A piece of cast bronze went back always with the need of aesthetic judgment."

In the days just before the ceremony was to take place, workers busily went about laying the foundations for the fountain. Most who watched the work were a little taken aback by the last minute nature of the enterprise. People wondered where was the fountain, anyway? What would it look like? What would its name be? Finally, a scant several days before the dedication date, a pickup truck trundled down into the small plaza carrying a huge rough crate. Page Smith, a couple of workmen and a couple of students, with the help of a mechanical lift, managed to get the thing up out of the truck, unboxed, and lowered down onto its space in the waterless basin of the fountain. People stood around watching, not quite knowing what to think.

It sat there, an inward sweeping, scrappy, twisting bramble of bronze. The thing looked rough, a little tortured and rather awkward. If anyone had seen anything like it before, he did not say so. Bright and absurdly dry without the water that would rouse it to a life inextricable from the life of the college, it seemed brothered to nothing and affixed to nowhere. If one said at that point that the thing had a "sense of nature" about it, he would certainly have to have been listening in on the thoughts of Nancy Genn.

"What do we call it?" asked someone, staring, bewildered.

"Fred," came the terse, anonymous suggestion.

The day of the ceremony was still, brilliantly clear and hot. Several hundred chairs were set up and filled in the plaza around the fountain. At the plaza's edge, on the Morison House side, were the podium, speakers and guests. Theodore Bernardi sat there, small, white with age, proud. The Provost and Chancellor were in academic robes. Nancy Genn

and her mother, the fountain's chief donor, were up around the podium as well. It was the mother, in fact, who suggested the appellation that was to be given the fountain. It was to be named after Edna L. Scott, who for many years had been a respected teacher in the Santa Cruz public schools and who had died only a few years before.

The ceremony began when Chancellor McHenry approached the podium to describe Page Smith as a "great teacher, scholar and friend of the students" and to present him with a seal of the University "by authority conferred upon me by nobody in particular."

Smith then turned to the fountain and spoke a few words about Edna L. Scott, just so the name would not be buried in obscurity (although few today at Cowell can tell you who the woman was). He talked of the fountain.

"I find in it the flow of nature. An openness and the freedom of an overpowering mountain spring."

Suddenly but gracefully he swept an arm over toward the low rising balcony of Turner House's top floor where two students with trumpets stood. They put their instruments to their lips on this cue and blared forth a crude but vigorous fanfare. At one and the same moment the fountain gushed forth in violent birth.

Nosily alive, the fountain now had to be celebrated in word and song. James Biffle, who would become Cowell's first Poet Laureate, rose to read a poem about the fountain which he had just written for the occasion. Paul Rabwin's Madrigal Singers trooped up to the fore to sing "Hard by a Fountain." But the noise of the new watery beast kept half of the audience from hearing them, so as soon as they had finished singing on one side of the plaza, they moved to the other side and did a repeat performance.

The ceremony was over. Much of the audience adjourned to the Dining Hall to hear William Van Den Burg direct the University Orchestra and University Chorus. And, if they wanted to attend it, there was an art show in the new Cowell Gallery.

Now the fountain sat alone, insoucient, raucous, and bubbling and gurgling with life. As time passed, it would be

given libations of soap suds and Kool-Aid by students and damned by the scowls of those who thought it a crude centerpiece for Cowell. It would be thought about just as it would be a catalyst for thought. It would be the cause of laughter and uncountable conversations. Much would it moodily be stared at and much would it be stepped in. It would come for many to symbolize the College flowing freely, naturally, and jagged with ambiguity.

The Cowell Gallery

Cowell, it might be said, is the only college of the four in existence so far whose style of life is sensed by visitors and recognized and envied by students of the other colleges. The point here is not so much the character of Cowell, the deep underlying nature of the fabric of its life (which, as we have seen, had its origins in its unique circumstances of being the first college), but rather its personality, the design on the fabric which is constantly being woven by the interplay of individual passions within the community, constantly changing the pattern, texture, and color of life.

One of the most vital aspects of the personality of Cowell, whether she is seen or unseen, is Provost Smith's wife Eloise. Wide-eyed always, a lady of taste and imagination, Eloise embodies Page Smith's conviction that any possible way to enhance college life should be exploited. The belief that students need to build things, as a compliment to and a part of academic life, has turned the Smiths' garage into a workshop with benches and tools of all sorts, for any and all projects, from jewelry making to junk sculpture. It is in the Smith's garage that the American inventive spirit, in the style of such doodlers as Benjamin Franklin, runs amok. Along side of it, and back by the corral, one may find most species of building materials — lumber, baby carriage wheels, fenders, bamboo, bird cages, etc. On the other side, in a shed shared by the chickens, are two dusty printing presses and about 150 various pieces of type. It is, in part, Eloise's homemade, hand-crafted workshop spirit which has allowed the aspects of decoration, of building, of creating and recreating in the College to flourish in the small but impres-

sive way that it has. Whenever she can, and this goes back to the construction of the College, Eloise adds a word about color, goes to look for some nice furniture or fixtures for one room, suggests a new use for another. Eloise has a genuine concern for the well-being and appearance of Cowell College.

Ever since the blueprints for the College were laid out, Eloise had her eye on one particular room. Her own plans called for a College Art Gallery. An enterprise the University at that time could hardly afford to sponsor, it was from the beginning only Eloise's determined and enthusiastic effort which saw its realization. A year of College life had seen the room used for luncheons, faculty parties, a game room. Betsy Avery got hold of a Juke box for it which never fit or worked, and finally Al Johnson set up his pottery workshop in it. The room was vacated when Johnson moved the workshop to one of the Gazeboes.

Eloise grabbed her opportunity to open the gallery. And so it began with only the greatest of expectations. It wasn't long before there were occasional Sunday afternoon openings of exhibitions. This author remembers in particular, on a beautiful Spring afternoon, the showing of Mrs. Helen Salz' watercolors. These were very pleasant and colorful sketches done on her travels around the world. Mrs. Salz, connected with Salz Tannery, where student craftsmen get their leather for making sandals, belts, purses, book bags, vests and all sorts of clothing, sat around and chatted with those who had come to see the exhibition.

Eloise runs the gallery single-handly. Financing it is something of a chore. Mrs. Salz has been one of the generous sponsors. Aside from gifts, some of the money comes from the Provost's Discretionary Fund. And Eloise's vigor is nearly inexhaustible, even for such tedious tasks as fund raising. When the college needed money for an etching press and supplies for Beatrice Thompson's proposed class in etching, Eloise held a Thieve's Market in the driveway of the Provost's House the afternoon of Back to the Ranch Day, an Open House for the University, and raised almost a thousand dollars selling tie-dye banners of all colors and

sizes, homemade jewelry and cloth, candles, posters, paintings, pottery, books donated by faculty, and any junk donated or on consignment.

During the fourth year, gallery openings were coordinated with Chamber Orchestra Concerts on monthly Sundays.

The Garden

He was always up there on the hill. Whatever the weather, whatever the time of day. He was always there. Every inch of his tanned, taut old skin, his piercing eyes, his head and bent back, every bit of him bent to the effort. The effort? Alan Chadwick threw all his monumental energy into the making and preserving of fruit, vegetable and flower gardens for Santa Cruz.

He seemed, in fact, as much a fixture on the sloping hillside garden, his spindly body leapfrog dancing up and down, his salt and pepper hair flopping, as did the fruits and flowers he brought to life. Alan Chadwick, Englishman, actor, director, citizen of many countries, but primarily gardener, recalls how it began. "A short while after Cowell opened, Freya Maria von Moltke, an old friend of mine, contacted me on an island in the Pacific where I was creating some gardens. She said that a number of the faculty at the college thought the place was in sore need of gardens and did she know anyone who could help them make some. She recommended me and I was sent for."

When he got to Cowell, Chadwick was in for something of a surprise. He had been told that members of the faculty desired the aid and advice of a professional in *their* making of the gardens. "But when I got there, they said they didn't have enough time and what not and what not. It soon became clear that I was to be left to my own devices, that I was to create the gardens."

Nevertheless, Chadwick saw that the place did indeed deserve and need gardens, and so he set promptly about making them. He was to lay flowers in appropriate spots around the College the first year, and then would go on to make beautiful with flora the various needful areas around the rest of the campus. But at the outset, he concentrated

his energies upon the steep broad patch of hillside that rises sharply above the East peripheral road just by the Stevenson College entrance.

"I used, as I always have used in making the ground ready and the vegetation grow, the horticultural methods of the Greeks and Chinese. I even had student help. But I always met opposition trying to get enough funds to keep the thing going. I often had to wheedle to get what I got and often had to buy and use my own tools and seeds."

No allowance had ever been made, in the planning of Cowell, for the sort of project Chadwick was undertaking. It became something of an embarrassment for the College, which at all odds didn't have much money to give. To the campus administration, Chadwick and others feel, the gardens seemed a trivial enterprise. But the Englishman was persistent in the fight for funds. Even if fitfully, money and material were obtained. And Cowellites began watching their garden grow.

Some did more than watch. There was, almost from the start, a great rush and clamor to help the charismatic man. We hear much talk in our time by students and student-types about getting back to nature. About "getting back to the roots of it all." Disgusted with the terrible tangle of urban existence, many want to go to forest and farm to live and work. When they come to Santa Cruz they are rapturous with delight. There are more woods here than such a nature-starved one can sink his soul into. But also, *also*, there are the gardens!

"Of course I was more than gratified for all the help people seemed to want to give," Chadwick says. "But at the same time, when you've grown up around cement and glass and steel and automobiles, you can't really believe that you innately belong to nature. The things which most young people grow up with are artifices, not nature. If you don't believe me, you should see what it's like everytime a fresh eager student comes bounding up the hill to help me."

Chadwick remembers that the vast majority of students not only did not know differences between various flowers and vegetables, they were also unaware when they blithely

clopped feet down upon rows of young plants. "I had to show them most everything. And I'm not a teacher. I'm not very patient. But they learned, the ones that stayed, very quickly and very well. They acquired a feeling and sensitivity for the work they did and for the lives of the plants themselves."

Indeed, the people that stayed on, those who became strong adherents to the garden project, were often thought of by fellow students as a group apart — something of a cult, if you will. There was a distinct flavor in their attachment to the work. Perhaps it was because this attachment was mingled with devotion to Chadwick. "Strange thing about him," says one who gives much of his time to the project, "he never says 'come back tomorrow' or orders us around, except when he's impatient. Going there is completely a matter of whether you want to. But, at least in my experience, you always want to. He commands respect without much effort. I know some people here who can do that. But I don't know anyone else here who, just by being what he is, can make you work and work like that. And you do it with joy."

Chadwick and his troop of amateur gardeners have made much of Cowell incredibly beautiful with flowers and have filled numerous student pots with fresh garden vegetables. But in this fourth year of Cowell, Chadwick is talking of departure. "I love the earth — there's precious little of it out here. It's the earth, it's soil and vegetation in abundance, that I want to go back to. Life in most of America is too fast. The cities are obnoxiously close enough here to make me determined to lead my life in a saner place."

Graduation

At Berkeley and at UCLA, as at other large institutions, the graduation ceremony is a mere formality. It is long and tedious, and as a result, many graduands simply prefer to have their diplomas mailed to them rather than submit to what is inevitably a meaningless ordeal executed with dubious taste. At UCSC a similar ceremony occurs, but its lack of meaning is somewhat ameliorated by its sense of color and

drama and by its brevity. Since the first graduation of 1966, the pageant has been held in the amphitheater formed by one of the large limestone quarries of the old Cowell Ranch, whose steep rock slides and border of redwoods stand as a backdrop to the brilliantly colored gowns of the senior scholars. But it remains a formal and impersonal affair, full of sound and family, signifying nothing. To supplement this, or perhaps to compensate for it, Cowell College has its own graduation ceremony which partakes more fully of the smaller, more humane, and more meaningful aspects of celebration.

Graduation 1968 in Cowell began with a prolonged and joyful ringing of the bell in the courtyard. The day was balmy and beautiful, and refreshments were served beside the fountain. When everyone was more or less settled, Provost Smith began his commencement address — only to be interrupted by a frantic race across the courtyard between two of the College's ubiquitous canine inhabitants. Again he began, reminding us of Rosenstock-Huessy's statement that it takes three generations to make history — the grandfather, the father, and the son — adding that we should not be unduly alarmed by student protests in the universities or by the violent upheavals in the cities. Sitting there in the Cowell courtyard, we listened to the Provost attempting to put the moment into perspective, and looked past him to the field below, to the town, and out across the bay, which rested in a warm summer haze.

Epilogue

We who have engaged in this self-conscious history have done so partly because we believe that the as yet unfulfilled nature of Cowell College is a communal one. The epithet of self-consciousness is one which is heavily borne. To have been able to write a history of Cowell as a community without having to use the term would have been much preferable to us. It would have signified an unquestioned faith that Cowell was in fact a true community. We could have regarded a history written under such circumstances simply as a recording of events and personalities. In truth, however, we view our effort in a different light. The burden of self-consciousness dictates that we see that the hope for a true community in our time is at best slim. In the face of this, we have tried to use historical self-consciousness as a protection against lack of faith. We have tried to make up for the absence of an unquestioned belief in community with an honest description of the attempts of a group of people to achieve community, not on faith, but by self-conscious commitment. This history, then, is both a description of and itself an example of that commitment. It is this self-conscious commitment, and our strong feelings about it, which has given us the audacity to think such a history as this important enough to write. However, because only with action can words ever make the dream a reality, in the end it will be the unconscious commitment of members of Cowell, to the life of the college and, perhaps more important, to each other, which will make of Cowell a true community.

We would add our thanks to Professor Jasper Rose, whose prodding and advice allowed us to attempt the transformation of uncommon material and memories into history, and to Provost Smith, who helped us learn much about Cowell and the writing of history, and of whose conviction and work this effort stands in praise.

George T. Amis, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of English Literature 1965-

Herman L. Ammon, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Chemistry 1966-69

George M. Benigsen, M.A., Ph.D. cand.
Lecturer in Russian 1966-67

Harry Berger, Jr., Ph.D.
Professor of English Literature 1965-

Gabriel Berns, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Spanish Literature 1965-

J. Herman Blake, B.A., Ph.D. cand.
Lecturer in Sociology 1966-

David Blumenfeld, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Philosophy 1965-68

Norman O. Brown, Ph.D.
Professor of Humanities 1968-

Barbara K. (Mrs. E.) Bundy, B.A., Ph.D. cand.
Visiting Lecturer in Slavic and German 1969-70

Nicholas Burgoyne, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Mathematics 1968-

Douglas L. Carmichael, Ph.D.
Lecturer in Psychology 1969-

James D. Currin, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Physics 1966-

Charles W. Daniel, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Biology 1966-

John Dizikes, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of History 1965-
Senior Preceptor 1969-

G. William Domhoff, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Psychology 1966-

William T. Doyle, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Biology 1966-

Sheldon H. Feldner, M.F.A.
Lecturer in Drama 1969-

Walter Gern, B.A., Ph.D. cand.
Acting Instructor in English Literature 1969-

Robert A. Goff, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Philosophy 1968-

Tatiana Gorin, M.A.
Associate in French 1968-69

Gary M. Haggard, Ph.D.
Acting Assistant Professor of Mathematics 1968-69

Bernard F. Haley, Ph.D.
Professor of Economics 1965-68

Calvin S. Hall, Ph.D.
Lecturer in Psychology 1967-

Philip P. Hallie, Ph.D.
Visiting Professor of Philosophy 1969-70

William R. Hitchcock, Ph.D.
Professor of History 1965-

Mary A. Holmes, M.A.
Lecturer in Art 1965-

James Houston, M.A.
Visiting Lecturer in Creative Writing 1969-70

John H. Hummel, B.A., Ph.D. cand.
Acting Assistant Professor in French Literature 1969-

Richard M. Jones, Ph.D.
Lecturer in Psychology 1967-68

Bhuwan L. Joshi, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Psychology 1965-

Bert Kaplan, Ph.D.
Professor of Psychology 1965-

Leonard Kunin, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Economics 1965-

Karl A. Lamb, D.Phil.
Associate Professor of Politics 1965-
Associate Dean of the Graduate Division 1969-

Bruce D. Larkin, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Politics 1966-

Ronald Larsen, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Mathematics 1965-

Richard Mather, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of History 1965-

Jacob B. Michaelsen, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Economics 1965-

Carl Morris, M.S., Ph.D. cand.
Acting Assistant Professor of Mathematics 1965-67

G. Christopher Morris, M.A.
Visiting Professor of History 1967

Maurice Natanson, Ph.D., D.S.Sc.
Professor of Philosophy 1965-

Andrew Todd Newberry, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Biology 1965-

Donald Nicholl, M.A.
Visiting Professor of History 1966, 1969-70

Raymond Lindley Nichols, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Politics 1965-

Neal Oxenhandler, Ph.D.
Professor of French Literature 1965-69

J. A. Pierce, M.A., Ph.D. cand.
Lecturer in Classics 1965-69

Pietro Pucci, Dotore in Lettere
Visiting Associate Professor of Classics 1968-69

Siegfried B. Puknat, Ph.D.
Professor of German and Comparative Literature 1965-
Vice-Chancellor, Humanities 1968-

Harvey G. Rabbin, B.A.
Acting Instructor in Philosophy 1967-68

Richard R. Randolph, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Anthropology 1965-
Senior Preceptor 1969-

David Ratner, M.A., Ph.D. cand.
Lecturer in English Literature 1965-69

Herbert Rogers, Diploma of the Julliard School of Music
Lecturer in Music 1967-68

Jasper A. Rose, M.A.
Professor of History, Professor of Art 1965-
Senior Preceptor 1965-69

Ronald H. Ruby, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Physics 1965-

Stephen M. Samuels, Ph.D.
Visiting Assistant Professor of Mathematics 1967-68

Elizabeth Sheppard, M.A.
Visiting Acting Instructor in Russian Literature 1969

Howard B. Shontz, M.Ed.
Assistant Chancellor, Student Services and Registrar 1965-

Althea E. (Mrs. G. W.) Short, B.A.
Assistant Supervisor of Physical Education 1966-

Eugenie (Mrs. George) Skarginsky, M.A., Ph.D. cand.
Associate in Russian 1968-69

Page Smith, Ph.D.
Professor of History, Provost (1965-70) 1965-

Michael E. Starzak, Ph.D.
Acting Assistant Professor of Chemistry 1969-

Byron Stookey, Jr., M.A.T.
Lecturer in Education, Director of Academic Planning 1966-68

Beatrice (Mrs. Philip) Thompson, M.A.
Acting Instructor in Art 1968-69

Richard B. Trousdell, D.F.A.
Lecturer in Drama 1968-69

J. H. Van den Heuvel, Agrégé des Lettres
Visiting Professor of French Literature 1966

Philip C. Vellacott, M.A.
Visiting Lecturer in Classics 1967-68, 1969-70

Thomas A. Vogler, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of English Literature 1965-

Michael J. Warren, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of English Literature 1969-

Robert J. Werlin, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Sociology 1965-

Nicholas Wickenden, Ph.D.
Visiting Assistant Professor of History 1968-69

Elizabeth H. Wierzbianska, M.A., Ph.D. cand.
Associate in Spanish 1968-69

Stanley M. Williamson, Ph.D.
Associate Professor of Chemistry 1965-

Eileen (Mrs. K. M.) Wu, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Mathematics 1966-68

J. W. T. Youngs, Ph.D.
Professor of Mathematics 1965-

Julia Zaustinsky, M.A.
Associate Professor of Music 1965-

Honorary Fellows

William K. Coblentz
Bernard F. Haley
Catherine (Mrs. Randolph) Hearst
Sarah (Mrs. John E.) Hogan
James Houston
Helen Merrell (Mrs. Robert S.) Lynd
Aaron Nelson
David Riesman
Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy
Helen (Mrs. Ansley) Salz
The Rev. Herbert Schmidt
Byron Stookey
Max Thelen
Angus Wilson

Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy and Page Smith.
Graduation Ceremonies, 1968

FIRST YEAR FACULTY OF COWELL COLLEGE

FRONT ROW, left to right: Messrs. Jack Michaelsen, Richard Randolph, George Benigsen, Bernard Haley, Manfred Shaffer, Harry Berger, Neal Oxenhandler, Miss Mary Holmes, Messrs. John Pierce, and Jasper Rose.

SECOND ROW, left to right: Messrs. Thomas Vogler, Robert Werlin, William Hitchcock, George Amis, Todd Newberry, Raymond Nichols, Bruce Larkin, Ronald Ruby, Michael Brailove, Miss Gudrun Kamm, Miss Paulette Fridling, Messrs. Bert Kaplan, and Bhuwan Joshi.

THIRD ROW, left to right: Messrs. Marshall Sylvan, Ronald Larsen, Carl Morris, John Dizikes, Leonard Kunin, Roger Keesing, Herman Ammon, Charles Daniel, and William Doyle.

LAST ROW, left to right: Messrs. Richard Mather, Karl Lamb, Glenn Willson, Miss Betsy Avery, Provost Page Smith, Messrs. Maurice Natanson, Siegfried Puknat, Mrs. Elizabeth Puknat, and Mr. Gabriel Berns.